THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 65. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 3.

THE GRAVE.]

BY C. D. SWIFT.

The grave is still and deep:
Its awful borders lone
From us the secrets keep
Of a far land unknown.

The nightingales' sad lay
Ne'er to its depths may sound,
And Friendship's roses gay
O'erlie its mossy mound.

There brides bereft oft sigh,
And wring their hands in vain;
The orphans' plaintive cry
Wakes not its dead again.

Yet nowhere else, I trow,
Finds man his craved repose;
Through its dark portals low
The pilgrim homeward goes;

The heart which, full of care,
By Passion's storms is torn,
Doth turn for peace e'en where
No more 'twill beat—nor mourn!

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE boy flushed, turned pale and then sighed.

"Now, Miss Carlisle is not an heiress; she is penniless, or next door to it, and Lady Betty's companion; and the sooner you get over your infatuation the better!"

Bertie stood silent for a moment—they had reached the door of Lord Norman's chambers—then he looked up.

"It is all very well for you to talk like this, Bruce! You do not know what I feel! I don't think you were ever right down in love!"

"No?" said Lord Norman with a strange smile.

"But you 'mean well,' as they say, and perhaps you are right. I'll call on Lady Betty to-morrow, and start off for—oh, anywhere!"

"Do!" said Lord Norman. "Do, Bertie, and when you have got there, stay there. Come inside and have a cigar."

But the boy shook his head.

"Not to-night; thank you, Bruce," he said quietly, almost sadly, and shaking Lord Norman's hand he walked quickly away.

* * * * * *

"Lord Clifforde!" said Lady Betty, as Josine opened the door of the boudoir, and made the announcement.

The room was in the wildest confusion, littered with the contents of a huge box, which had just arrived from Paris, containing a selection of Swiss costumes, slightly altered and beautified by the great master. Floris was kneeling before the glass trying on white linen caps and kerchiefs.

"Bertie, my dear! How attentive of him. Shall we have him up here? He could help us choose these things. The boy has a good eye for color!"

"Then this mass will probably blind him!" said Floris, pointing to the gorgeous heap.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Show Lord Clifforde up," she said, and presently they heard him coming up two stairs at a time.

He stopped at the door, aghast and blushing at the sight of the finery and the occupation of the two ladies.

"Oh, I beg pardon! I thought the girl said 'up-stairs.'"

"Oh, it is all right! Come in Bertie! You are the very man we want!" said Lady Betty, holding out her little paw. "We are too busy to receive visits of ceremony this morning, but if you like to take us as we are you are quite welcome."

He laughed.

"What an awful litter! How do you do, Miss Carlisle?"

Floris held out her hand, without getting up from her knees, and he bent over it.

"What a fine lot of dresses! Rather gorgeous, aren't they?"

"Color is everything at a Fancy Fair," said Lady Betty, with an air of conviction.

"Color and cheek!" said Bertie.

"Sir!" exclaimed Lady Betty, with mock severity. "We did not admit you into our boudoir to receive your impertinence."

"Beg pardon, Lady Betty!" he retorted. "I meant color and—confidence."

"Then we had better give you a stall all to yourself, Bertie," said Lady Betty. "Now tell me how I look. Isn't this quite a Swiss girl's get up?"

"Not a bit," he answered, promptly. "I know because I've seen 'em, but it's awfully pretty and becomes you like anything. But there, anything becomes you, Lady Pendleton!"

Lady Betty then turned to Floris with a nod.

"Did you ever hear such a forward boy, Floris! You have learned something in Canada, Bertie. Pray is that the style of compliments you have been expending on the Canadian belles? Floris, there is a cap that would suit you, I am sure. Try it on, dear."

Floris colored and glanced at the young man standing looking at her with rapt attention.

"Another time, Lady Pendleton," she said.

"Oh, never mind Bertie," said Lady Betty, taking up the cap. "He is nobody. Besides, he will give us his opinion; and then too we can try them on him and see how they look for ourselves. As Bruce said last night he only wants his moustache shaved off to make an excellent girl."

Bertie laughed.

He thoroughly understood Lady Betty, and treated her as everybody else who knew her did; more as a spoiled child than a woman of maturity.

"I am quite willing to act as a milliner's block, Lady Betty," he said. "Won't you put the cap on, Miss Carlisle?" he added to Floris.

Floris thinking it better to comply without any fuss, quietly went to the glass and arranged the cap, one of the round frilled constructions which the Swiss girls are supposed to, but never by any possible chance do, wear.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Lady Betty. "It is really beautiful! What do you think, Bertie?"

He stood looking at the downcast face framed in the snow-white linen, and all his heart in his eyes, too rapt to speak for a moment, then he started and murmured, "Beautiful!" but whether in reference to the cap or the wearer he did not explain.

They tried on several other caps and kerchiefs, and Bertie was asked his opinion on each and all, till he must have become rather confused; then he said suddenly, as if he had been bracing himself up for the announcement—

"It was very kind of you to show me these things, Lady Pendleton, because—because, you see, I shan't be able to see them at the Fair."

"Why not?" demanded Lady Betty.

He glanced at Floris as she knelt at the box replacing the costumes.

"I—I find I have to go down to my uncle's place; I'm overdue there now, and he gets rather rough if I don't show up pretty often."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Lady Betty. "I'm sure he won't mind waiting a week or two longer for you; I shouldn't if I were your uncle. You must help us with the Fair, Bertie! You will be of no end of use; won't he, Floris?"

Floris didn't answer, but she smiled assentingly.

"There! You hear what Miss Carlisle says."

"I didn't hear Miss Carlisle speak," says poor Bertie, all his heroic resolutions of flying from temptation slipping away from him.

"I beg your pardon!" said Floris. "I am sure you would be of great use Lord Clifforde, and I hope you will be able to stay."

At those words and the smile—the altogether innocent and unconscious smile—that accompanied them, Bertie cast prudence and Lord Norman's advice of the preceding night to the winds!

"If you say so," he said, "of course I will stay. My uncle must wait. Let me see, what can I do?"

Then he sat down again, and eagerly plunged into the subject.

"I'll tell you what I can do!" he said. "I'll be a fortune-teller or something of that sort in a cave; or have a show, and stand outside with a big drum. 'Walk up! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Just going to begin!' That sort of thing, you know, eh, Miss Carlisle?" and he turned his handsome face to hers with a radiant smile in his blue eyes that made Floris smile in return.

"Look here! I'll go and get some properties, dresses, and all that, and arrange something. Oh, if I am going to help, be sure of that. You will see, Miss Carlisle."

It was noticeable that it was to Floris, and not to Lady Betty that he appealed.

"You always were a nice boy, Bertie," said Lady Betty, "but now you are perfectly delightful! What can we do to reward you? You have grown so big lately, or I would give you a kiss. I used to do, you know," with mock mournfulness.

Bertie colored, then he laughed, with pleasant, frank good humor, and got his hat.

"Never mind, Lady Betty," he said. "I'm not worth kissing now. Good-bye. You leave the show business to me!" and shaking hands, he took his departure; "all in a glow with love," as Moore says.

"Nice boy!" said Lady Betty, approvingly. "Always was! He will throw himself heart and soul into this stupid Fair business, and all to please us. Yes, Bertie is a very nice boy!"

Floris looked up and laughed.

"Is he so very young?" she asked.

Lady Betty put her head on one side.

"Let me see; Bertie must be twenty-three, or nearly."

Floris laughed again and blushed a little.

"Why, Lady Pendleton, he is a man! I thought he was much younger."

"Because he is so fair, and we treat him as if he were a boy. We all of us do that. Yet it seems only yesterday when I used to meet him in holidays; and he is so boyish. Wonderfully good-looking boy, though?"

"And as wonderfully good-natured," said Floris, warmly; the young viscount had won her good-will by his frank eagerness to be pleasant and useful.

"The soul of good-nature," assented Lady Betty. "Oh, I am quite fond of Bertie! But, there, so are all of us. It is a marvel that he doesn't get spoiled. If it were not that he is so poor he might marry where he liked. I know one or two girls who are breaking their hearts over him already! But he is an awful flirt, and falls in love with them all! I shouldn't be surprised"—after an arch glance at Floris—"if he fell in love with you, presently, my dear."

Floris laughed innocently.

"I hope so," she said without a blush. "It would be very nice to be fallen in love with by Lord Clifforde, but I am afraid that there are too many others."

"Oh, Bertie's heart is very big!" laughed Lady Betty, "and will hold one or two more yet, so you need not despair."

In the afternoon Lord Clifforde came again, making profuse apologies for the intrusion. But he wanted to consult them about the "show."

"I think I'll give a kind of entertainment: recitals and songs. We can rig up a tent or something of the kind and charge five shillings for admittance."

"A guinea! Nothing will be less than a guinea!" said Lady Betty decisively.

Bertie looked rather glum.

"Rather a dear entertainment!" he said. "Never mind! You'll take the responsibility of the charge for admission, and now about the songs. I've bought one or two. "I thought that perhaps"—he hesitated and glanced at Floris who was seated at the window with a book—"I thought that perhaps you—or Miss Carlisle—would try them over for me."

"Oh, I never could play an accompaniment," said Lady Betty. "Floris, my dear, will you try them over for him?"

Floris rose at once, and went to the piano, and, with a suppressed delight, Bertie unrolled his songs.

"I'm afraid they are rather foolish," he said; "but the young lady at the music-shop assured me that they were all the rage just now."

He stuck one up on the stand, from which it fell off, as usual, and in the scramble to recover it, his hands clasped Floris's.

All innocent and unsuspecting she laughed, and put the music in its place, but a red flush flew to Bertie's face for a moment, leaving it pale and agitated, as he stood beside her looking down at the music.

Floris played the prelude.

"It sounds rather pretty!" she said. "Will you try it my lord?"

He began the first words in a tenor which surprised Floris by its sweetness and volume. Then suddenly, she stopped short,—

"You are a little wrong there," she said; "see, this is the note!"

"Thank you!" he replied, humbly. "I'm awfully stupid at music. Would you—would it be troubling you too much? I think I could go it so much more quickly if you would sing it first. I can always learn by ear."

It was so artlessly done, that any girl less selfconscious than Floris would have seen through the little manœuvre by which he meant to get her to sing to him, but Floris merely nodded,

"Shall I? My voice is not nearly so good as yours, Lord Clifforde. You have a very beautiful voice indeed, and I shall spoil your song."

"Do you think so? I do not! Please sing it for me."

Without further parley she began,—

"'My sweet girl love, with frank, grey eyes,
Though years have passed, I see you still,
There where you stood beside the mill
Beneath the bright, autumnal skies;
Low o'er the marsh the curlew flew,
The mavis sang upon the bough;
Oh, love, dear love, my heart was true!
It beats as truly, fondly now!
Though years have passed, I love you yet;
Do you still remember, or do you forget?

There was not much in the words, but Floris had a knack, a rare and good one, of singing with expression, and every note

seemed to sink into Bertie's heart, and make it thrill and tremble.

Pale and rapt, he leant on the piano, his eyes resting on her unconscious face as with fixed regard, and entirely forgetful of him, she looked at the music.

"There?" she said. "I think it is rather pretty. Will you try it?"

He started, and tried to smile carelessly, then began.

The emotion that had taken possession of him gave a thrill to his really beautiful voice, and the lines rang out with exquisite feeling and harmony.

"My sweet girl love, with frank, grey eyes!"

He looked at her. Was it possible that she should not guess he was thinking of, singing to her?

Suddenly, while he was still singing, the door opened, and unseen by either of them, Loyd Norman entered. He stood looking at them,—at the lovely face of the girl, at the handsome enraptured one of the young viscount—in silence and motionless; and as he looked, a strange pain gnawed at his heart, a pain which stung and hurt him terribly, though he tried to crush it down.

With a soft lingering tenderness, Bertie dwelt on the last note until it died away sadly, then he looked down at her—indeed he had kept his eyes riveted on her most of the time.

"Will that do?" he asked, humbly.

"You sing it beautifully!" she answered, frankly. "I think Lady Betty is right, a guinea will not be too much to charge for admittance to your entertainment."

"How good you are to me!" he said, in a low tremulous voice.

Floris started, at the tone rather than the words, and looked round. As she did so, she saw the tall stalwart figure of Lord Norman standing regarding them, and with a flood of crimson suffusing her face, she rose.

"Please do not get up!" he said, and his voice sounded very grave and almost grim. "I will go at once if you allow me to disturb you. Please sit down and play again, Bertie, I should like to hear you sing that again."

But Floris, pale and proudly-cold, said,—

"I will tell her ladyship that you are here, my lord," and with a bow glided rom the room.

Bertie stood looking after her aghast for a moment, then he turned to Lord Norman.

"What's the matter, Bruce? Why did she go like that? Have I offended her do you think?" and the color actually deserted his handsome face.

"You!" said Lord Norman. "No, my dear Bertie. It is nothing, not much at least. Miss Carlisle happens to dislike me—not without cause—and flies from my presence. That is all!" and he laughed, but there was a strange bitterness in the laugh, and he turned his face away from Bertie's gaze of surprise.

CHAPTER VI.

THE great day had arrived, and Lady Pendleton and about a score more of fashionable ladies were in the seventh heaven of delight.

For months little else had been talked of "in society" but the Fancy Fair in aid of the funds of the Society for Improving the Condition of the South Sea Islanders.

It is scarcely necessary to state that not one of the titled ladies cared a base farthing for the South Sea Islanders, or that few of them knew anything whatever about those interesting people, or how they were to be "improved;" but anything is good enough for an excuse for a Fancy Fair, and it was the Fair in which everybody was interested.

The thing had been got up on a most magnificent scale, utterly regardless of expense, and the great hall adjoining the Botanical Gardens had been transmogrified into a very fair representation of a Swiss village. Swiss chalets and shops had been built up, scenery representing the snow-clad mountains was artfully arranged to surround the buildings, and at the end of the hall the splendid glass houses of the gardens formed an exquisite vista of palms and tropical plants, which, though rather inconsistent with a Swiss village, served as an admirable lounging place. In the open windows of the chalets and shops was displayed a motley collection of articles more or less useless, which the ladies in charge of them were to coax the unfortunate visitors into purchasing at prices about five hundred per cent. above their value.

It was a pretty, a beautiful sight, which if it could have been transferred bodily to the boards of a theatre, would have made the fortune of a manager; and at the opening ceremony" society" thronged in and filled the place almost to suffocation.

Near the centre of the hall stood Lady Betty's chalet, and in front of the open window, with its assortment of dolls, antimacassars, smoking caps, babies' clothing, indifferent oil pictures, and bead slippers, stood Lady Betty, supremely happy in Monsieur Worth's idea of a Swiss costume! Never had Lady Betty been so happy; there was only one thing that prevented her being perfectly so, and that was Floris's respectful but firm refusal to stand outside the stall with her.

If she could have done so without offending Lady Pendleton, Floris would have declined to take any part in the affair at all, but as Lady Betty had made a point of it, she had reluctantly consented, stipulating, however, that she should be permitted to keep in the background.

As the only "background" possible was the inside of the gimcrack chalet, she had taken refuge in it, and stood well in the shadow looking on at the strange scene.

That most hard-worked of Englishmen, the Prince, had consented to open the Fair, and, attended by several others of the Royal Family and a numerous suite, he had made a round of the stalls, spent some money at each with strict impartiality, and then, no doubt with intense thankfulness that his work was done, had quietly taken his departure.

Floris, from her dusky coign of vantage, looked around her, watching the brilliant crowd as it passed along the line of stalls, laughing and chatting, too curious for the present to stop and purchase. Exactly opposite her was the chalet kept by Lady Glenlooma, with Mr. Parks, the famous gossip, close at her elbow. A little lower down she saw the stately figure of the Duchess of Cliefeden standing in front of her stall, and next her, in charge of a shop that seemed running over with flowers and fruits, stood the tall, graceful figure of Lady Blanche.

Ivory white as usual, calm and impassive as an iceberg, but extremely beautiful in her grey dress and white cap, Lady Blanche surveyed the scene as if it had been got up expressly for her behoof and amusement.

All the rest of the crowd in the pageant faded from Floris's sight, and she seemed to see only that lovely white face, with the dreamy velvet eyes. She was so absorbed in contemplating her that she almost started when Lady Betty thrust her head inside the chalet, nearly knocking off the monstrous cap, and exclaimed in half-irritable, half-excited tones,—

"Provoking, isn't it? It is just like him! One of the patrons too! He ought to have been here at the opening!"

"Who ought to have been here Lady Pendleton?" asked Floris.

"Who? Why Bruce, of course, my dear! Suppose I had wanted him! He promised to come and help me—and where is he?"

"He did not promise to come to the opening," said Floris coldly. "And you don't need any help at present, Lady Pendleton."

Lady Betty laughed and stared at her.

"I am sure he ought to be very much obliged to you for standing up for him my dear!" she said. "All the same I think he ought to be here."

Floris colored and was about to remark that it was a matter of perfect indifference to her when Bertie Clifforde's pleasant voice was heard outside.

"Here we are Lady Betty, as the clown says! Splendid house, isn't it? How are you getting on?" As he spoke he looked about the chalet eagerly. "Where is Miss Carlisle?"

"Oh, inside there," said Lady Betty, radiant again. "What a tremendous success, isn't it Bertie?"

"Splendid!" he assented, his blue eyes peering into the dusky interior of the stall anxiously. "Splendid! All the world and his family here! May I come in Miss Carlisle?"

"I don't think there is room for two," said Floris with a smile, as he stood at the low door with bent head.

"Oh, never mind!" he said, cheerfully. "But I say, won't you be very hot in there? There is not much breathing space!" and he looked round the poky place rather ruefully.

"I am very comfortable," said Floris "and I am out of the way here."

"Out of the way!" he echoed, devouring her with his eager, lover-like eyes. "You ought to be outside! How beauti—how nice that cap looks! Come outside and sell me something! I'm simply dying for—for—"—he looked at the collection on the stand,—"for a smoking cap. Never had one in my life and yet always longed for one since infancy! I'm simply pining for a smoking cap Miss Carlisle, wasting away like a shadow! Do come outside and sell me one!"

Floris shook her head laughingly.

"Lady Betty will sell it to you!" she said "It is very cheap, only 'a guinea; 'probable cost'—as the cookery books say—'eighteenpence.'"

He looked rather disappointed, but bought the smoking cap of Lady Betty, and paid his guinea for it without a murmur. But when he had got it, and thrust it into his pocket, he still stood in the doorway looking wistfully at Floris.

"How is your show getting on?" she asked, with a smile.

"Oh, all right!" he replied. "I've got a big chalet, and they have made a platform up, and presently I'm going to get 'em in at a guinea a head. You will come, won't you? I'll let you in free. Member of the profession, you know!"

Floris shook her head.

"I mean to remain here, 'far from the madding crowd,' my lord," she said.

"Floris, dear; hand me that doll, please," said Lady Betty, having secured a customer. "One guinea! Dear? Oh, no! 'Think of the poor aborigines? Thank you! Floris, put the guinea in the till. What fun it is! How I should like to keep a shop!"

"So should I, if I could sell shilling dolls for a guinea!" said Bertie, in a low voice.

"Had you not better go and open your show, my lord?" said Floris.

"Oh, presently will do," he answered, lazily. "I'll stop and help you and Lady Betty."

The crowd thickened. Lady Betty was driving a fine trade in bead-slippers and antimacassars, and Floris and Bertie between them were fully occupied in taking money and giving change. The music, performed by the Coldstream band at the end of the hall, was deafening, the heat stifling, and Floris was wondering whether the South Sea Islanders would fully appreciate the efforts on their behalf, when a tall, stalwart figure, which she would have known amidst a thousand, sauntered towards the stall.

"Bruce!" almost shrieked Lady Betty. "At last! Now, really, you ought to have been here an hour ago!"

"A thousand pardons!" he said, in his quiet way. "I have been detained by a meeting of the committee of the Jockey Club. Sold all your rubbish—I beg pardon—useful articles? Where is Miss Carlisle?" and his dark eyes roved around the stall.

"Inside," said Lady Betty. "Now, Bruce, what are you going to buy?"

He scarcely seemed to hear her.

"Anything. An antimacassar, pair of slippers,—eh, Bertie!" with a nod. "Glad to see you at the good work!" Then, as Bertie made room for him, he bent his head and passed the narrow doorway. "Good morning, Miss Carlisle," he said.

Floris bowed; she was busy giving change at the moment, and did not look up, so that he did not see the sudden flush which swept over her beautiful face.

"Quite a success!" he said, leaning against the frail wood work of the chalet.

"Don't lean against it, Bruce!" exclaimed Lady Betty. "It will all tumble down."

"Pardon!" he said. Then he stood for a moment looking at Floris.

Bertie fidgetted and looked round.

"I'll go and see to my show," he said, and disappeared.

"I hope you are taking in a great deal of money, Miss Carlisle," said Lord Norman.

"Yes, I think we are," answered Floris, still avoiding his gaze.

"I am glad of it," he said, in his slow, low voice. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins, doesn't it?"

"I have heard so," said Floris, demurely.

"I wonder now how many of these good folk know of or care anything for the South Sea Islanders? If they did care anything for them, of course they could send their guineas direct, instead of filtering them through dolls and baby-clothing."

"Now, Bruce, I can't have you indulging in these dreadful sentiments!" said Lady Betty. "And now you have come, pray do something useful."

"I am doing something useful, Betty. I am teaching Miss Carlisle that all is vanity—even charity."

"Miss Carlisle won't be the better for any teaching of yours, Bruce!" retorted Lady Betty. "Can't you come outside and beat a gong, or something of that kind, to attract the people? I do so want to take the most money!"

Lord Norman smiled down upon her.

"Betty, you have no mercy. I verily believe that if you had your way you would get your friends to dress up as clowns or pantaloons, sing comic songs, or dance a breakdown to increase your takings."

"I certainly would," assented Lady Betty, cheerfully; then she turned busily to a "gentleman" in a scarlet tie and a very loud suit, who having paid his guinea for the privilege of ogling twenty noble ladies, sauntered up to the stall and turned a vacant stare through an eye-glass on her Ladyship.

If she had met this individual on a staircase,—say of a picture gallery,—or in a shop, and he had dared to address her, Lady Betty would either have fainted or called a policeman; but now in her character of shopkeeper, she turned a dazzling smile on him, and in her blandest voice begged him to select something.

"I'm sure you want a cigar case; do you not?"

"I've got six of 'em already!" retorted the gentleman, with a grin which made Lord Norman long to kick him.

"Oh, dear! A pen-wiper, then?"

"Don't use 'em!"

"Card case; or a pair of slippers? Slippers are always so useful, and I have such pretty ones!" pleaded Lady Betty.

The individual sauntered round and stared into the interior of the chalet, his eyeglass fixed on Floris, who was looking, with proud reserve on every feature, straight before her.

"What's the young lady got inside, my lady?" asked the man, with a leer of admiration.

"Floris, give me some of those antimacassars," said Lady Pendleton.

Floris stretched out her hand and reached them.

"What's price, miss?" asked the youth, addressing Floris directly, and utterly disregarding Lady Pendleton.

Floris went crimson, then pale, and remained silent; while Lord Norman's face, hidden from the would-be purchaser's sight, grew black as thunder, and his hands, folded behind him, itched in the most dreadful manner.

"The price is two guineas?" said Lady Pendleton.

"Oh, come! I'm sure the young lady will take less than that!" remarked the youth, with a pleasing smile. "Won't you, miss?"

Floris crimsoned again, but did not move her eyes, and the next instant the stalwart figure of Lord Norman confronted the affable young man.

The youth started, and looked rather aghast at the handsome, haughty face glaring down at him with an ominous frown.

"If you address another word to either of these ladies, my friend," said Lord Norman, "I shall fling you out of the place!"

The youth dropped the antimacassar and his eyeglass, turned pale, and without a word, slouched off.

"My dear Bruce!" remonstrated Lady Betty. "What nonsense! Good gracious me! If you behave like that you will drive all my customers away!"

Lord Norman glowered down at her. "Great heavens, Betty! How can you endure it?"

"Endure what? Nonsense! He didn't mean to be offensive, poor fellow! And he can't help being an idiot! The place is full of 'em! Oh, dear! he would have bought that antimacassar, and now I'm sure he won't come back!"

"I don't think he will; I think he had better not while I am here."

"You had better go, Bruce; you had indeed, if you are going to lose your temper with the poor people! Why, don't you know that it's just for the amusement of the thing that they pay their money! And who cares?"

He went back to the doorway and stood looking down at his boots, grimly.

"I am so sorry, my lord," murmured Floris, with a troubled look on her beautiful face. "Was it worth while?"

"Do you think I am composed of wood or stone, that I should stand complacently by and hear you insulted?" he retorted, in a low, angry voice.

"But—I do not mind. Nothing is an insult from such people."

"You ought not to be here, either of you," he said fiercely. "Here, Betty!" striding up to Lady Pendleton. "What is the worth of all this rubbish? I'll buy the lot and clear you out, and you—and Miss Carlisle—can go home and get out of this."

Lady Beaty stared and laughed.

"Oh, nonsense! Don't be foolish. Men are so awfully sensitive and stupid. Do mind your own business. See here, Bruce, you may spend twenty pounds; no more, mind! and then you may go. I can see you are dying to get away."

"I certainly am not desirous of remaining to see you insulted!" he retorted, with a half smile at her.

"Floris," said Lady Betty, cheerfully, "look him out some pretty, useful things."

"Such as dolls and tea-cosies Miss Carlisle, please——"

"And get rid of him!"

He went inside, and Floris turned over the things laughingly the while.

For all his declaration of indifference, he was along while making his selection, and his dark eyes were more often fixed on the lovely face beside him than upon the fancy articles.

"What will you do with all these?" asked Floris.

"Heaven only knows!" he responded. "But I am not cleaned out yet! Is there anything here that you have worked or made yourself?"

"No," said Floris; "Lady Pendleton bought them all."

He glanced at a red rose lying on the snowy white kerchief across her bosom.

"There is only one thing I see here that I really care for," he said, thoughtfully.

"Is there? What is it?" asked Floris, innocently looking over the heap. "I thought I had shown you everything. Is it that writing-case?"

"No, but I'll take that. No, it isn't that Miss Carlisle, will you sell me the rose you wear?" he asked respectfully, almost reverentially.

Floris crimsoned for a moment, and her eyes dropped; then the cold hauteur, which, alas! came so easily to her, overspread her beautiful face.

"It is not for sale, my lord!"

"Forgive me!" he murmured, penitently. "You are right! It is beyond price—in my eyes, at least."

Obeying a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, she snatched the rose from her bosom and flung it to the ground.

He stooped and picked it up, and held it out to her with a look on his face that thrilled her.

"Has it become so hateful to you because I coveted it?" he said, sadly. "Please put it back to show me that I have not sinned beyond forgiveness! I promise not to offend again!"

She took the rose, hesitated a moment, then, instead of replacing it in the kerchief, laid it down on the table.

"Someone else might covet it," she said, simply.

He bowed his head, laid a small pile of gold beside the flower, then, without a word, raised his hat and went out.

Floris stood for a moment motionless, her color coming and going, her heart beating fast and furiously, then she took up the rose and thrust it gently inside the bosom of her dress.

Lord Norman strode down the avenue between the rows of shops as if he were making for the door; but as he came opposite the flower-stall kept by Lady Blanche, she came outside and called him.

He stopped and went up to her, his face still dark and gloomy.

"Well, Bruce, have you spent all your money yet?" she asked. "You look awfully bored."

"My looks don't belie me, for once," he said. "It is a disgusting business, Blanche."

"Isn't it?" she assented, placidly and lan-

guidly, her brown eyes fixed on his face. "How is Lady Betty getting on?"

"Oh, very well!" he answered.

"I am so glad! And if you haven't spent all your money you must buy some flowers, Bruce."

"All right!" he said, apathetically.

"What will you have, sir?" she asked, mimicking the tone of an ordinary shopwoman. "Lilies are very fashionable just now."

"Anything you like! What foolery it is!"

"Isn't it? But it does good, I suppose. Lady Glentoona says that we shall clear four or five thousand pounds. Shall I make you a bouquet?"

"Great heavens, no! What should I do with it? Here, Blanche, I'll give you five pounds if you'll let me off with a single flower!"

"Very well," she said; "but don't think you are over liberal, Bruce! A gentleman just offered me a ten-pound note for the camellia in my hair."

"Confound his impudence" he said. "Have you got all the cads in Christendom here?"

She laughed, her soft, indolent laugh.

"I think we have, or nearly all. A single flower! Bruce, what do you say if I give you my camellia?" and she looked up at him with infinite tenderness in her soft, brow eyes.

"Better keep it for some millionaire who will bid a thousand or two, Blanche," he replied carelessly.

"No," she said slowly, "you shall have it, Bruce, and for your paltry five pounds. There it is! Let me fasten it in your coat—do you know that that makes it worth at least twenty? There!" and she put it through his button-hole.

He laid a five-pound note on the stall.

"Bruce,"—very softly and winningly,—"you must wear my flower at the ball here to-night."

"I don't know that I am coming."

"That is nonsense. Everybody is coming. You will wear it, Bruce?"

He nodded.

"If I come, Blanche," he said, and as he strode on, Lady Blanche shot a glance of triumph towards Lady Pendleton's chalet.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Fair was over; the amateur shopwomen had rolled home in their carriages, the secretary of the Society for the Improvement of the South Sea Islanders had collected the money, some thousands all told—goodness only knows, and no one very much cared, how much of it reached the South Sea Islanders!—and an army of carpenters was at work clearing away the chalets to make room for the ball.

Bertie, very tired, and rather hoarse from shouting "Walk up!" outside his show, and singing inside it, had gone off to his club to dress and get some dinner, and Lady Pendleton was lying down, but far too excited to sleep.

"A tremendous success, my dear!" she said to Floris, who was helping Josine to put away the Swiss masquerade dresses.

"Enormous! But what fearfully hard work. I am very glad I don't keep a shop. I used to think it must be quite pleasant to serve in one of the large linen-draper's places, but I've changed my mind now. And you must be tired too! I wish you'd go and lie down for a little while."

"I am not tired," said Floris, "and I would like to stay and help Josine."

"There is no occasion for mademoiselle to trouble," said the girl smoothly. "Mademoiselle looks quite haggard with weariness and ennui," glancing at Floris's face, fresh as a flower and as little haggard as a child's.

Floris smiled.

"My looks do me an injustice, Josine," she said, pleasantly: she was always pleasant with the girl, though she had a suspicion that Josine disliked her.

"I think if I had a cutlet and a cup of chocolate sent up I should like it better than dinner downstairs," said Lady Pendleton. "You wouldn't mind keeping Sir Edward company, would you, my dear?"

"Certainly not. Shall I tell them to send you up the cutlet——"

"Mademoiselle need not trouble," broke in Josine, with a jealous flash of her eyes. "I will charge myself with her ladyship's commands."

"No, you see to it, Floris, my dear; will you?" said Lady Betty with a yawn, and Floris left the room.

Sir Edward came in for his dinner, looking worried and pre-occupied as usual.

"Lady Pendleton played out, I suppose?" he said. "Just what I expected. I am afraid you are tired out, too, Miss Carlisle?"

"No, Sir Edward," said Floris, and he glanced at her cheerful face with an air almost of relief and enjoyment.

"Everybody seems tired out now-a-days," he said. "The world is going too fast. You have had a very great success, I hear; I met Lord Clifforde on the steps of the club, he says you have netted a very large amount."

"Thanks in no small measure to his lordship," said Floris quietly. "He has worked very hard indeed."

"Oh, he likes it," said Sir Edward. "He was in the best of spirits. Very different to Lord Norman, whom I saw for a moment."

"Yes?" said Floris, examining the *menu* card with close attention.

"Yes; the thing seems to have bored him, and put him out of temper. He wanted to quarrel with me for letting my wife and you take any part in it. As if I could help it! Bruce has all the ignorance of an unmarried man! By the way, I see they are putting him in the society papers. I brought a 'Report' home with me—Ah! here it is! That is the paragraph! 'We understand that there is a prospect of a speedy alliance between the noble families of S—y—r and N—r—n. Seymour, Lady Blanche, you know, and Lord Bruce. Was she there to-day? Of course, though——"

"Yes, Lady Blanche was there," said Floris, calmly, as she laid the paper down beside her plate, and Sir Edward little guessed the pang which his innocent communication had caused her or the shame with which she battled against it.

"Are you going to the ball, Sir Edward?" she asked.

"I am sorry to say I shall not be able," he replied, without any great exhibition of sorrow either in his face or in his voice. "Have got to speak to-night, and must be in my place. I asked Lord Clifforde to look after you."

Floris longed to ask if Lord Norman was going but could not force herself to do so; but Sir Edward's next words made the question unnecessary.

"I don't suppose Bruce will go, he only grunted when I mentioned it to him. Do you care about any dessert? If not, and you will excuse me I will leave the table," and with a sigh, the hard-worked statesman trudged off to his study to think out his speech.

Floris went up to her room, and got out the white dress which she had bought for state occasions. It was a very simple affair of cashmere, almost devoid of trimming, save for a line of swansdown at the neck and on the sleeves, and as she looked at it, she murmured, with a smile.—

"Miss Carlisle's costume will not attract the attention of the fashionable reporter, at any rate, but though it may be neither rich nor rare, it is, I think, suitable to her station."

While she was changing her dress; there fell from it the crumpled flower which she had refused to sell to Lord Norman, and as she looked at it lying on the floor, her face went as red as the rose itself.

How respectfully, almost reverently, he had begged for it, and how coldly she had denied him! Was it possible that her refusal had put him out of temper?

She laughed with self mockery at the idea.

"I am growing foolish," she thought, "and all because the Right Honourable Earl of Norman chooses to amuse himself with Lady Pendleton's companion! What have I done, or said, that he should presume to act as he does? I suppose he thinks a servant a fair target at which to practice pretty speeches!" and, with a bitter smile she pushed the rose aside with her feet.

But a moment later she stooped and picked it up.

"No, I will keep it and wear it to remind me of my folly," and she placed the crimson flower inside the bosom of her white dress.

She had scarcely finished dressing when Josine knocked at the door, and scarcely waiting for permission to enter, came in.

Her dark, beady eyes took in the whole of Floris' attire at a glance, then sought the floor.

"Miladi would be glad if you would trouble yourself to come to her, mademoiselle," she said. "And miladi desires me to assist mademoiselle with her toilette."

"Thanks, Josine, but I am dressed," said Floris.

The dark eyes surveyed her coldly.

"Pardon! Mademoiselle's hair could be arranged more effectively."

"I daresay," said Floris carelessly; "but I won't trouble you, Josine. It does not matter," and she passed out before her, and, as usual, Josine peered about the room, and turned over everything Floris had left about.

"Dressed already!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton. "Oh, my dear, what a lovely dress!"

"Lovely!" echoed Floris, with a smile. "Oh, Lady Pendleton, it is as simple as it can possibly be."

"I don't care whether it's simple or not—perhaps that is it! It's perfectly ravishing! That swansdown is just the thing for your complexion, though, as a rule, it makes most people look yellow. My dear, you have the most exquisite taste! I thought that dove dress of yours perfection—but this! I declare I don't care to look at mine," and she cast a despairing glance at an elaborate Parisian costume which lay spread out on the bed. "Don't come near me all the evening, mind, or you will make me look like a May-day sweep!" and she laughed.

Floris laughed with her, then suddenly her eyes glistened as she looked down at the little woman.

"You are very good and kind to me, Lady Pendleton!" she said, softly.

Lady Pendleton stared.

"Because I admire your dress, my dear? And as to that, you are such a nice dear girl. I'm sure I don't know what I should do without you! As I told miladi, in a letter I wrote to her yesterday, it was the rarest piece of luck her mentioning me to you! I only hope you will stay, dear."

"I don't think you need have any doubt on that point," said Floris, smiling.

Lady Pendleton shook her head.

"My dear, you are not the girl to remain single long! Why, for all you kept as still and quiet as a mouse to-day, none attracted more attention! No! You will marry and leave me, I am convinced of that."

Floris colored, but laughed as the speech deserved.

"There is no prospect of that, Lady Pendleton," she said.

Lady Betty shook her head half ruefully.

"My dear, you are a favorite with everyone. Why, even Sir Edward, who notices no one and goes about like a mole, has just been up here singing your praises."

During nearly the whole of this, Josine had been dressing her mistress, and the swarthy face had grown yellow with jealousy and rage, and presently these amiable qualities expressed themselves in a vicious tug at Lady Betty's hair.

Lady Pendleton squeaked.

"Good gracious, Josine, what are you doing?"

"Pardon, miladi, the comb slipped."

Lady Betty looked up at the glass.

"I wish you would do my hair like Miss Carlisle," she said.

Josine crimsoned and set her teeth. This, after she had informed Floris that her hair was capable of improvement!

"I know not how, miladi."

"Then—do you mind, my dear?—let Miss Carlisle do it," said Lady Betty.

The girl stood for a moment as if transfixed, then laid the ivory brush on the table, and stood with folded arms, while Floris, willingly enough, arranged Lady Pendleton's hair as nearly like her own as possible.

"Oh, thank you, my dear! There, Josine, that is how I like it done. I wish you'd learn to do it like that. Remember, now, will you?"

"Yes, miladi," said the girl, between her closed lips; "I will remember! Oh, yes miladi. I will not forget!" and her white teeth clicked viciously.

"The carriage, my lady, and Lord Clifforde!" announced a servant at the door.

Bertie, dressed with the minutest care, and looking handsome enough to turn the head of a Diana, received them in the drawing-room with enthusiasm.

"I say!" he exclaimed, under his breath, his blue eyes fixed on Floris.

"There! I told you so!" said Lady Betty, dramatically. "Now, Bertie, speak the truth, and don't flatter or exaggerate! Isn't that dress simply lovely?"

Bertie blushed, but Floris smiled quite calmly and carelessly.

"I don't know," he said. "I only know Miss Carlisle looks like one of Millais's pictures: is it the dress?"

"Thank you, my lord," said Floris, laughing and curtseying.

He blushed again, opening his lips as if about to speak, then took up his opera hat and led them to the carriage, into which he put them with extraordinary carefulness, as if they would fall to pieces if roughly handled.

"Where is Bruce?" asked Lady Betty. "I thought he, too, would have called for us."

"I don't think he is going," Bertie said. "I looked in at his chambers just now, and he was in one of his tempers. Something seems to have put him out. I won't repeat what he said about the ball when I asked him if he were coming, Lady Betty, but I gather from his remarks that he meant to spend the evening with a cigar and a brandy-and-soda."

"That is just like Bruce!" lamented Lady Betty. "Never mind! He will get over it by to-morrow. But how wild Lady Blanche will be if he should not come!"

Floris leant back, a strange feeling of disappointment and joylessness weighed upon her, a feeling which she fought against with all her strength. What did it matter her whether Lord Bruce spent the evening at the Charity Ball, or at his own rooms in the consumption of cigars and brandy-and-soda?

The hall was crowded when they arrived, but though Bertie, with a lady on each arm, had to almost fight his way in, their appearance created what is called in newspaper parlance "a sensation."

Never had Floris looked more beautiful than she did to-night in the simple white dress with its trimming of swansdown; and before they had been in the room a quarter of an hour, Lady Betty, much to her delight, found herself surrounded by friends and acquaintances, all of them "dancing men," who begged an introduction to the proud-looking girl seated so calmly and quietly beside her.

"What did I tell you, my dear?" she whispered. "You have created quite a sensation! Is your programme full?"

"Not quite," said Floris, for she had scribbled some make-believe names in some of the spaces.

"Mine is!" said Lady Betty, gleefully, for the suitors for Floris' hand could not do less than ask her chaperone for a dance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ART OF SEWING.—The useful art of sewing has been known from a very remote period, as is shown by the fact that bone-needles have been found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake dwellings and in the caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by man during the reindeer age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle, which was the thickest part, and others were pierced at the larger end. A French cavern has yielded needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls and also to the ivory needles of the modern Esquimaux, special skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill. The Swiss lake dwellers used linen thread or bark fibre for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark, as well as from the skins of animals. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendons and perhaps strings of gut; and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

THE value of the cologne water importations into the United States last year was $23,134,50.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE YEAR FROM THE DAY.—At the hour which ushered in the New Year, old farmers in Ireland formerly were accustomed to repair to certain watermarks in rivers and prognosticate a "rise" or "fall" in the markets by the heights of the tide; and whosoever continued happy and glad throughout the whole of this day was certain to continue in the same blissful state during the ensuing year.

A RELIGIOUS MISHAP.—A learned Chinaman says Buddhism was introduced into China by accident. One of the emperors of the Han dynasty heard of the remarkable teachings and works of Christ and sent an embassy to see him and bring back his teachings. The embassy, on arriving in India, heard of Buddha, and supposed he was the sage whom they were seeking. They obtained his books and returned at once to China, where the Emperor cordially received Buddhism.

BRAMIN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The man and the woman go into the water with a cow and a calf and an old priest, the man holds his hand by the old man's hand and the wife's hand by the husband's and all have the cow by the tail, and they pour water out of a brass pot upon the cow's tail, and then the old man ties the man and woman together by their clothes. They then give the cow and calf to the priest, after which they go to divers idols and give money, and the ceremony is concluded. It is needless to observe that the money given to the idols is "taken care of by the priest."

EGYPTIAN FUNERALS.—The old inhabitants of Egypt believed that after death it took three thousand years ceaseless change before the soul found its way back to the body, and so every care was taken to make the corpse last that time. Forty to seventy days were therefore spent in embalming the mortal remains of the deceased, and every precaution taken that when the wandering spirit again sought its old home it should be able to find it. Thus, relatives laid away their dead with reverent hands, and in the fond hope that, some day or another in the distant future, hands which had clasped, and lips that had met, would meet and clasp again. This dim idea of an immortality may seem quaint and curious to-day, but it dominated the thought of one of the greatest civilizations the ancient world knew.

A CHINESE FARM-HOUSE.—The Chinese farm-house is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping-rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side-windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified with high walls containing apertures for firearms, and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge.

COSTLY FUEL.—It is related that one day George Heriot had been sent for by the King, whom he found seated in one of the rooms at Holyrood, before a fire composed of cedar, or some other perfumed wood, which cast a pleasant fragrance around, and the King mentioned incidentally that it was quite as costly as it was agreeable. "If your Majesty will visit me at my booth in Parliament Close," quoth Heriot, "I will show you a fire more costly than that." "Say you so," said the King. "Then I will." On doing so he was surprised to find that Heriot had only a coal fire of the usual kind. "Is this, then, your costly fire?" asked the King. "Wait, your Highness, till I get my fuel," replied Heriot, who from an old cabinet, took a bond for two thousand dollars which he had lent to James, and laying it on the fire, he asked, laughingly, "Now, whether is your Majesty's fire in Holyrood or mine the most costly?" "Certainly; yours, Master Heriot," replied the king.

CROSSING THE LINE.—The custom of having a farcical ceremony aboard ships crossing the equator is not much observed any more. An old sea dog, said to a reporter a few days ago: "The custom of celebrating the event of the ships crossing the line is no longer observed. In my day it was one of the most exciting experiences of a sailor's life. On some of the ships it was carried to an extreme that almost endangered the lives of the victims, and the passengers and green hands on board the ship quaked with fear as they watched the preparations for the coming event. The sailors who had never crossed the line tried all sorts of moves to escape the punishment that awaited them. Very often the green hand would work hardest to prepare for the victimizing, but they do not escape on this account. Then when the search for novices began the sailors would generally all say that they had crossed the line. "Where was you bound for?" would then be asked. "Rio," perhaps, would be the reply. "Well what did you see in Rio?" And so he would be brought to the rack. The custom used to be to pick out a fine swimmer to personate Neptune, and the first sight of the sea god would be from the ship's deck as he swam along beside the vessel, with a crown on his head and a trident in his hand." The captain thought the custom was too good a one to be allowed to go out of existence.

UNACKNOWLEDGED.

BY C. S. B.

Some souls there are we meet on golden days,
When Nature seems to sing glad hymns of praise,
And men are touched alike with gentle ways.

Such souls are brave and good—they are but few.
It may be in those hearts both stern and true,
That but one meeting gives to life a hue.

No outward sign of bliss in life appears,
No tender hand to stay the weary tears,
In this strange union marred by parted years.

No helpful deeds, no kisses fond and sweet,
No cheering voice to guide th' uncertain feet,
In solemn silence all such souls must meet.

Grand souls; but do not count us proud and vain,
If we, despised and lonely in our pain,
Yet call these souls the peers that with us reign.

Subtle analysis of kindred minds,
No more to be dissected than the winds,
Grave, hidden harmonies the spirit finds.

Farewell! we lose, yet hold, th' unbidden guest,
And carrying forth this treasure in our breast,
With a mute patience leave to God the rest.

Cometh a day when every let and bar
Shall be destroyed. Some see it from afar,
As slowly through the clouds shines forth a star.

GOLDEN LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE does not check her song as a footstep approaches, for of course it is Philippa, but goes on to the end of the verse.

"Philippa," she says then, "come here and reach this beautiful rose. You are taller than I."

A moment, and the rose is cut, and in her hand; but Beryl is blushing under the glances of a stranger, who is yet not quite a stranger, the friend of Marcus, Mr. D'Arcy.

"I am not the happy Philippa," he says; "but I ventured to think that I could reach the rose as well. Will you allow me to cut a few more for you, Miss Ainsleigh?"

"You are very kind," returns Beryl, with much reserve. "But we can take the lower ones, if we cannot reach the highest."

"Ah," says Mr. D'Arcy, "but the sweetest grow high and farthest from reach! It is so with everything, even with the Chancellorship to which Marcus Serle looks up, though Marcus is a lucky fellow as it is; he has good brains, a promising future, and a charming sister."

"You know her then?" cries Beryl.

"Mrs. Carrington? I think most people know Mrs. Carrington," responds D'Arcy. "And yet I should like to say that my acquaintance goes a little farther than that merely. At her house one meets some of the most delightful people in London."

"How nice!" sighs Beryl. "I only go when she is at home alone."

"Perhaps there may be a reason for that?" he suggests quietly.

"A reason? Oh, yes! I am not out."

"And, if that is all, you will now go to her and see the world. My friend Serle tells me you are just leaving school. You have stayed at it very long as it is, but I suppose that is your English custom?"

"No, I am not going to Kensington," Beryl admits. "I don't think I shall see anybody where I am going."

The recurring thought of the moorland Vicarage checks for the moment all Beryl's shyness.

"I wish—oh, I do wish I could stay in London!" she says wistfully, not looking at him, but gazing on the fields and speaking as if to herself.

He makes no comment; but he watches the expression of her face, and puts the roses, from the stalks of which he has been stripping the thorns, into her hand.

"May the thorns of all your life's roses be as easily banished," he says gallantly, and adds, in a low tone—"and I wish I might have the destroying of them!"

Beryl buries her face in the pink petals to hide the rising color; but she cannot be annoyed with him.

It was such a pleasant compliment, and he is so handsome, so like what a hero might be.

When Philippa Gordon turns back to see what has become of her companion, she finds the young man beside Beryl, talking and pulling the flowers. He makes a few courteous remarks to her, and then doffs his hat a little flourishingly and then leaves them.

"Beryl," cries Philippa reproachfully, "why didn't you introduce me to your friend? How handsome he is! Who is he?"

"I—I could not, at least hardly, I think," answers Beryl, greatly confused. "Do you think I have done very wrong, Philippa? He has never been introduced to me in his life."

"Oh!" ejaculates Miss Gordon, uplifting her eyebrows. "You seemed to become pretty good friends with remarkable rapidity. He knew your name well, at any rate."

"I know his. I have seen him before. It is not so bad as all that," protests Beryl, with flaming cheeks. "I will tell you all about it, Philippa. We—Marcus and I—were in the railway-car with him when I came back from Kensington last spring, and he lent me a paper. He knows Marcus very well indeed, and Theodora also. But Marcus did not introduce him, and afterwards he told me, rather crossly, that his name was D'Arcy, and that he was the son of a count who had emigrated for political reasons."

"That is rather interesting," says Philippa.

* * * * * * *

A few days afterwards, when Beryl half fears Mr. D'Arcy has disapeared as suddenly as he came, and Philippa openly says as much, he comes upon the girls during one of their walks, and is formally introduced to Miss Gordon.

He knows how to make himself agreeable it is evident. He talks a great deal—is sometimes gay, sometimes for a brief period melancholy.

He tells them of France, of gay Paris, with a fluent ready tongue; and damsels of seventeen and eighteen, not yet out of the boarding-school shell, are not harsh critics of this handsome and fascinating foreigner.

"Would you like to go back to your France?" says Philippa. "Does it seem brighter to you than our land?"

"My France?" he repeats. "My native land? Ah, yes, there is a charm about one's own country! Yet I love England very much. There are delights in it one cannot find in the length and breadth of France."

His glance falls for an instant on little Beryl.

"Your English young ladies, one cannot find the match of them in France. There our girls are mewed up in convents, and see nothing of life or of friends until they married to some one they do not care for. Naturalized Englishman as I am, I should yet not have ventured to speak to Miss Ainsleigh had not Marcus Serle assured me it would be perfectly correct, and that a note of introduction was quite unnecessary. Your English ways, Miss Gordon, are much the best."

There is a minute's pause.

"But there are reasons, Mr. D'Arcy," Beryl puts in, "why you would prefer France to this country, are there not?"

"A few, perhaps," answers D'Arcy. "A Frenchman can but feel that it is only English kindness which takes account of French title or position, and that he is really entitled to no consideration whatever. Your cousin, Mr. Serle, who is a lawyer, has told me so, and, when people are good enough to place my unworthy self before him, he says it is for my fortune, not my ancestors. But I cannot think so of the English," adds Mr. D'Arcy, with a spice of malice, yet a good-tempered smile which hides the rudeness of the remark, "or Mr. Serle himself would not be so well thought of."

It soon becomes known to the girls that Mr. D'Arcy has taken lodgings in Ealing, and is staying for an indefinite period.

It is discovered in the course of conversation that he knows no one in the place, and had scarcely heard of it until Marcus Serle, in answer to the questioning, had told him Beryl Ainsleigh was there.

Philippa jokes Beryl about it as they return to Cambridge House, and tells her it must be a case of Romeo and Juliet which has brought Mr. D'Arcy from London to this dull spot, after one meeting and not half-a-dozen words with her.

Beryl half laughs and is half dressed, and her heart beats with a new and strange emotion.

Day after day passes, only to make those pulsations stronger. He rarely misses seeing them during their walks.

Soon he lets his admiration for Beryl be secret; he tells her that he came merely to follow her, that he could not get her address from Serle without strategy which would have daunted a less ardent spirit.

He tells her that Serle was jealous, and would be angry now, did he know where D'Arcy was.

Before the midsummer holiday has run its course, he has confessed to his knowledge of Marcus Serle's hopes and of his proposal, and he assures the girl that, if Marcus loved her truly, he—D'Arcy—would not have dared to follow her, but that it is only her money Marcus wants, and to drive her to accept him she is to be exiled to Shipton Magna.

"It is true; I believe it is all true!" cries Philippa, with sudden animation; for Philippa is with them—Beryl never goes out alone. "It is what I told her. He does not care for her; I know he does not."

"No," says D'Arcy; "but he is sorely tempted. And yet, mon Dieu, what can this want of money be that it should make a man false to himself? What is all the gold in the world compared with one glance from the eyes one loves? And he loves, it is true. He seeks his cousin, yet he loves another."

The dark eyes flash full upon Philippa. Philippa's lids fall hastily; she turns aside to stoop over a plant by the wayside. D'Arcy in that moment seizes Beryl's hand and raises it to his lips.

"My jewel!" he whispers. "How can a man be so blind?"

CHAPTER IV.

IT is but the next day that Philippa, going into Beryl's room, finds the girl with her face buried in her hands, in a passion of tears.

"Beryl, dear, what is the matter?" she cries, going to her side.

"Oh, Philippa," sobs Beryl, "come and help me! What am I to do? Oh, tell me what to do!"

And then Philippa sees that there is a bit of paper in one of Beryl's little hands, and it is pushed across to her.

"Read it, Phil," says Beryl, raising for a moment her flushed tear-stained face, the long wet lashes, and the rough golden head to drop it the next minute on her tightly-clasped hands.

Philippa reads it. It is a letter—quite short, quite simple. The phrasing is a little odd and very flowery; perhaps the accident of French birth may answer for that.

It is but to tell Beryl that she is loved, and ever will be devotedly and passionately loved by Louis d'Arcy—to implore her to consent to an immediate marriage, since to tell her designing relatives—whose one desire is to get hold of her money by marrying her to Marcus Serle—would part them forever.

"Do you want never to see him again?" asks Philippa, as she kneels by the side of the sobbing girl.

There is nothing but a sob and a little cry in answer.

"He loves you very much, it seems, and he is very handsome and clever and rich. Is it possible you love him, Beryl?"

"Yes," answers Beryl, "I cannot help it. I do not want him to go. I could not bear to live at Shipton and never see him again!"

It is Philippa and Louis d'Arcy who arrange it all after this. Beryl trusts him utterly and entirely, and is ready to leave everything in his hands when once her confession is made; and, trembling with fright, excitement, and shame, she promises that she will be his wife.

In the midst of her own trepidation, she bethinks herself that this will perhaps get poor Philippa into some trouble.

"But, Phil," she says, kissing her, "wherever I am in the world, there will always be a home for you."

"Thank you, dear," Philippa answers; "I do not fear."

And indeed she does not. Has not Louis d'Arcy told her that Marcus Serle confessed to him his distraction between Beryl's money and love for Philippa Gordon? And will not Beryl's money soon be out of his reach?

For Beryl herself Philippa believes she is doing the best service. She loves little Beryl sincerely, next to herself and Marcus Serle; and she thinks with pride of the beautiful Countess D'Arcy, who will be a happy and courted belle of London society.

She cannot question D'Arcy's wealth. He brings costly presents to Beryl and to himself; he seems scarcely to know the value of money; he talks of the splendor in which he will set his jewel and the luxuries and pleasures with which he will surround her.

As to the wedding, he settles all; Philippa has but to accede. A church and a clergyman's blessing are Beryl's simple stipulations.

On his part, secrecy is the one thing; secrecy till the hour which ties securely the marriage-knot; then let all the world know!

In a dingy London church, where not thirty people listen to the words, a low-voiced old Rector mumbles the banns of marriage between Louis D'Arcy of the parish, and Beryl Ainsleigh of the parish of St. Mary Ealing.

Among the congregation of St. Stephen and St. Magnus no one knows them, no one cares. Marcus Serle or Theodora Carrington would as soon have thought of joining a Methodist Chapel as of attending the services at St. Stephen and St. Magnus.

Miss Gordon and Miss Ainsleigh are supposed to be taking their ordinary morning walk, and they have come in wraps and thick veils by the railway to meet D'Arcy and the friend of his who is to give away the bride at the church.

Beryl wears no satin or orange-blossoms, but only her summer-dress of soft white cashmere with pink ribbons and pleatings, and a little white feathered-covered hat set on the top of the golden curls. Her face is pale and troubled, though the blue eyes are full of trust as they meet D'Arcy's fond gaze.

The child is fearful of she knows not what and her nerves are all tensely strung with a tremor of excitement and a vague, restless apprehensiveness.

She has left at Cambridge House a letter, to be sent to Theodora; and, though this cannot, she supposes, reach Kensington until to-morrow, she glances, half-afraid, down the dark aisles, almost expecting to see Marcus appear from the high gloomy pews and take away to Shipton Magna, at those words—"Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

On Beryl's trembling hand the golden band is slipped, and nothing Marcus Serle can do now will alter the fact that Louis d'Arcy and Beryl Ainsleigh are man and wife.

In the vestry a tremulous and faint entry attests Beryl's maiden name, and quietly the party pass out of the building. D'Arcy's friend disappears, and the others drive away together in the cab to an hotel, where, in a private room, some sort of pretence at a wedding-breakfast is to be partaken of, and a grinning waiter, after one glance at the girl's face, tells his fellows that it is a runaway-match for certain.

The meal is nearly over when the waiter brings in a note to Mr. D'Arcy. His face suddenly darkens as he slowly reads, and, crushing it up in his hand, he turns to the man.

"Show him into another room somewhere—a private one. I will come."

Then he speaks to Beryl in bright accents and with a smile.

"A little business affair, my love; nothing important. I thought all was settled for the time I should be away. I will be with you again directly."

But, as he leaves the room, the frown comes back to his dark eyes, and with it a flash of triumph and daring.

He walks hurriedly down the corridor, and, ere he looks to see who is his visitor, turns the key in the lock of the door by which he has entered. And he goes forward after that to meet Marcus Serle.

"You have been as quick as a detective!" he says, with a laugh. "Trust a lawyer for sharpness!"

Serle pays no heed. He stands by the window, erect, and with folded arms. There is a dark angry look about his set mouth and his thick eyelids.

"How dared you go so far, you coward and cheat?" he says between his teeth. "How dared you?"

"Come, my dear fellow, don't get into a rage," answers D'Arcy jauntily. "It was all in the compact; you know very well it was."

"I was mad when I thought of a compact with a rogue like you," Serle says bitterly. "But I never intended it, you are very well aware, to come to this!"

"I know nothing of the sort," returns D'Arcy, in bold tones. "And you know perfectly well that you would have been in an unpleasant position at the present time if you had interfered with me. You said she had money, and you had tried for it uselessly, and I said I would give you a receipt for your little bills if I could win her; so it's of no use telling a falsehood about it. It's done now, and I'd have taken her without a penny."

"Then you are prepared to give me a receipt, I suppose?" Serle says, abruptly changing front, keeping his eyes steadily, but stealthily, on his companion's face.

"Now you speak sense, and leave virtuous indignation to the hypocrites. I will say at once, my dear Serle, 'Certainly.' I will sign directly, if you please."

Serle does not speak. D'Arcy sits down at the table, pulls the inkstand within reach selects a pen with discrimination, and draws out a simple form. It is a receipt for a very heavy sum.

He signs his name carefully, dates the document, waits a few minutes in silence until it is dry, and hands it across the mahogany to Serle, who reads it through, folds it, and puts it into his pocket-book.

"Now we are quits," says D'Arcy sneeringly. "We have each performed our part satisfactorily as honorable men, and can shake hands and say au revoir as good friends. You have acted as guardian to a charming young lady. I am her husband, and will relieve you of the duty henceforth. Perhaps you will excuse me now, since my bride awaits my return?"

"One moment"—Serle speaks in low tones—"one moment, my honorable friend—only to give you a piece of information you may find handy. You swindled me; I am happy to say I have done the like for you. My father has the honor to be Miss Ainsleigh's guardian, but she has also another—the Court of Chancery.

"And if you think you will ever touch a penny of her fortune as long as you live, you are a fool, and will be a lucky fool if you do not find yourself spending your honeymoon in prison!"

D'Arcy springs up, with fiery eyes and clenched hands. Serle stands at the other side of the table with a sneer on his dark countenance; it is his turn to be cool now. And the two men look into each other's faces.

At the same moment a shriek from the room D'Arcy has left rings in their ears.

* * * * *

Left alone with Philippa Gordon, Beryl sits silent. She thinks it strange Louis should be thus summoned away from her; but it is all so strange, she is almost as one in a dream. Philippa rises, goes to her, and kisses the soft cheeks and shining hair.

"Dear little Beryl, it is so hard to leave you," she says. "And yet it must have come, and in a sadder way for you, dear. But, if I am to save my head, I must be going, or Prunes-and-Prism will discover my absence."

"Yes, go, Phil dear; don't let me do you harm. I long to think you at least are safe."

"And you?" says Philippa, smiling pleasantly. "Ah, Beryl, you will be safe for life now!"

"Yes, I know," returns Beryl quietly, a trusting wistful light gleaming through the anxiety in the blue eyes—"I know, Philippa."

Philippa slips on her dark mantle and close veil, and kisses Beryl fondly.

When she is gone, Beryl still sits there, pale and quiet, with trembling lips and the smile lingering in her eyes.

Five minutes later, there is a sharp step without, and some one else enters the room without ceremony.

Beryl starts up from her seat, the color leaping into her face, and the slender hands on one of which the gold circlet shines so clearly, pressed together.

But George Carrington does not heed the exquisite face or the wild appealing eyes. Plain blunt man as he is, plainly and bluntly he speaks.

"Where is that scoundrel, that infamous scoundrel?" he demands, with fury in his voice and determination in his eyes and about his mouth. "Answer me at once, Beryl! Where is he?"

"I do not know whom you mean," falters Beryl.

"You do not know, you little dunce!" he says, coming and taking up the shrinking left hand, and touching the ring very roughly. "Do you know what that means?"

"It means," answers Beryl steadily, lifting her head bravely, "that I am married, and if you wish to speak to Mr. D'Arcy, or

of him, please recollect that he is my husband."

"I am not likely to forget it," rejoins Carrington. "What possessed you, girl, to take the first fellow who came in your way, the first villain who told you a lie? Beryl, what have you done?"

"He is no villain," says Beryl, still resolute. For abuse of Louis she is prepared, and with all her girlish force she is also prepared to defend him. "If you knew him you would not say so. Mr. Carrington, forgive me; I want your and Theodora's forgiveness so much! Or scold me, if you will, but do not speak against him: he is my husband."

"Your husband!" echoes Carrington scornfully. "Do you know what else he is, you poor little idiot, that you were so quick to throw your fortune at him? You will thank Heaven presently I have come as soon as I have, late though it is! Do you know that you have been duped, cheated, swindled, and that you are tied for life to an adventurer without money or position, who has not a penny in the world to call honestly his own, whose father keeps a gambling-saloon, and who began life as a billiard-maker and continued it as a sharper at cards?"

"It is not true. You are mistaken; you do not know him. He could not deceive me; but it is you who have been deceived. He will tell you everything."

"Do you know," George Carrington goes on pitilessly, "that in a week or so your name will be in the mouth of the world, that you will be a laughing-stock, and that D'Arcy will be enjoying himself in a common gaol? Did you look forward to that as your honeymoon?"

Again the slight figure reels; wider and deeper grows the yawning abyss.

"Louis, Louis!" shrieks the unhappy girl.

It is that cry which the men in the adjacent room hear; and D'Arcy leaves Marcus to his triumph, and rushes out to his wife.

She, with suddenly reviving life and courage, goes to him and lays her little hand on his arm and looks up into his face.

"Louis!" she pants. "Only tell me it is not true. Tell me you have not been deceiving me. I am quite sure you have not been."

"Can you tell her, you villain," says Carrington, "that you are not the son of Leon d'Arcy, the keeper of a gambling den—that you have not trapped her into marriage under false pretences from beginning to end? Can you say that before me George Carrington?"

D'Arcy faces him boldly, his arm round Beryl.

"Whatever I may be," he says passionately, "you have no right to interfere between us. She is my wife now."

The girl recoils from him swiftly, with a wailing cry of anguish; and then she falls, white and as one dead, at the feet of George Carrington.

CHAPTER V.

IT is the height of the London season, and Mrs. Carrington is holding an "At home" in her house at Kensington. The rooms, brilliantly lighted, are thronged with a fashionable crowd; the staircase is lined with the rarest flowers, and great spreading foliage-plants are in the anterooms, white statues gleaming from their midst.

Theodora stands at the entrance-door of her handsome drawing-room receiving her guests. Among them is Marcus Serle. He has not altered greatly, having one of those faces which do not change much; yet the cynical expression has become fixed, the resolute mouth harder, and the light speech and laugh do not drive away the suspicious watchfulness from the eyes—eyes which evade a straight and candid meeting with others.

Yet Marcus Serle should be happy and content. He has set his life upon success, and throughout the legal circles he is known as a subtle and talented barrister who can command his good share of briefs, and will contrive, if any one can, to carry a dubious case by a clever cross-examination or a legal quibble.

His success has been greater than he himself had perhaps expected, his income is handsome, his house expensively furnished and his wife richly dressed.

For he is married; and, if he failed to win Beryl Ainsleigh, he has won by other means the gold for which he wooed her, and has married the girl he loved, and who loved him.

Philippa Gordon, two months after Beryl's wedding-day, became Mrs. Serle, and now walks by his side, her hand on his arm. From a good-looking girl she has developed into a fine stately woman, and the brocaded robe of peacock-blue tint with square-cut bodice and strap-like sleeves shows her figure to perfection, and sets off the pale, creamy skin.

Though once only a governess, Philippa Serle looks a wife to be proud of, and Marcus is proud of her beauty and pleased by the admiration she wins; and she sets herself to win admiration, for he is a man who would not care to possess the rarest and loveliest thing on earth for long, did not others know he possessed it, and congratulate and envy him accordingly.

Reputation, wealth, and the wife of his choice are Serle's. Are they not all he has played for? Nay, fortune has been yet kinder to him—he has a child, a son, to inherit his name and possessions.

But he is not happy. Pressed for heavy gambling debts, he had been compelled to acknowledge to his creditors that the rich bride he had hoped for to settle things had failed him, and in a moment of desperation and in bitter anger against Beryl, he had, to save himself, betrayed her name and address to Louis d'Arcy, knowing, but refusing to heed, the intentions of the adventurer, and not daring to consider the consequences which might ensue. Nor have those consequences been injurious to himself. The husband and wife are parted; they have not met since they ate together their wedding-breakfast. Beryl's money is all settled on herself, and her natural heir is the son of Marcus Serle and Philippa.

But there may come a time when she will marry again more happily, and the thought of this gives ever-anxious unceasing restlessness to the watch Serle keeps over her actions—a watchfulness that seems to mar the peace of his life.

Beryl is very fond of little Ceci. He is a pretty boy of four years, with golden ringlets and large blue eyes. His features are like his mother's; but there is nothing to speak of her or of his father in the limpid depths of those orbs which are too grave and thoughtful in their wondering gaze to accord with his baby age. He is Philippa's child; yet Philippa is puzzled what to do with him after two minutes' caresses, how to amuse and occupy him—while Beryl can spend happy hours in his company alone.

And now the evening is advancing, and Mrs. Carrington has just been complimented on the success of her gathering, and upon having secured the services of Madame and the Signor, by Sir Everard Fane, whom she is very desirous to please. She moves away to request a song from some lady amateur; and he stands silently by the velvet hangings of the doorway that leads into the conservatory, and looks at the gay scene before him, with the scent of magnolia and heliotrope mingling in the warm fragrant air around him.

He is not so *blasé* as many who are present, for, almost immediately on completing his college-career, Everard Fane went to travel, and then became secretary to the governor of a distant colony. Only twelve months since he returned, and threw himself with ardor into the world of politics. He is now a member of Parliament, and is already known in the House as a rising man.

He comes of an old and high-born family, is owner of a fair estate and a pleasant country house, and in person is tall and well-made, with brown hair and moustache, and a face that would be neither plain nor handsome but for a pair of singularly expressive brown eyes, which can flash forth eloquent indignation, speak the pleasantest of greetings, or give the most earnest of sympathy.

Presently the sweet voice of a lady singing an old ballad falls upon his ear; and Fane stands there, listening to her more intently than he listened to one bar of the operatic *prima donna*, or the brilliant polonaise played by the great violinist.

He does not stay to wonder at the effect the song has produced on him, or to think of the strange new interest within him, but walks straight to Mrs. Carrington.

"Tell me," he says, quickly, "who was that lady who sang?"

"Did you like her voice?" says Theodora. "It is nicely trained, is it not? That is my cousin, Mrs. D'Arcy. I will introduce you to her."

"Thank you," he answers; "I admired her singing very greatly."

But a sudden chill comes upon him.

Mrs. D'Arcy, did she say?

Theodora is talking with a great Countess now, a guest for whom Sir Everard must be neglected, if needful.

"May I claim your offer?" he says. "Will you introduce me to Mrs. D'Arcy, now?"

"I believe she is in the conservatory," answers Theodora. "We will look for her there."

Beryl is sitting alone, half hidden behind a great palm-tree.

"Why, Beryl, alone! Bored with my party? I have come to disturb you," say the clear ringing tones of Mrs. Carrington, breaking in upon her reverie. "Sir Everard Fane, whose name you are so familiar with, wishes to know you. Sir Everard—my cousin, Mrs. D'Arcy."

Beryl rises.

The pale satin falls about her in silvery sheen, and shines out from the glossy dark camellias behind her; the light falls upon the radiant golden hair and the sweet fair face, delicate in tint as a wild anemone, and the blue eyes meet Sir Everard's.

* * * * * *

A soft sweet light has come, she knows not whence, into Beryl d'Arcy's life. The years which should have been the brightest and fairest of her existence have been sad and gloomy enough to the strangely widowed bride, fettered by marriage ties, yet knowing nothing of married life. The chain has not galled her; she has been left free and uncontrolled by him whom she had promised to love and obey till death; but the shadow of that terrible awakening to the truth has never left her path.

She is young, rich, beautiful; but she is alone. At the Shipton Magna Vicarage, with her uncle and his busy wife and noisy step-sons, she has been treated as one under guard and surveillance, rather than as a deceived and grief-stricken girl in need of love and true friendship. Beryl cannot look back without a shudder to those unspeakably long and weary years.

The careless child has become a quiet, reserved woman. Only a longing, never spoken of, grows deeper and deeper within her for love and sympathy. Sometimes she has thought it would be better if Louis' love had lasted, and she had been with him.

As soon as she was her own mistress, she had come to London, and taken a quiet, little house for the modest household she intended to keep up. Her companion and chaperon is a stiff, demure, elderly lady, Mrs. Richardson, the identical "Prunes-and-Prism" of Cambridge House, on whose head the blame of Beryl's elopement had been cast, and whom Beryl sought out the instant she was able to choose a guardian for herself.

And, in place of the balls and theatres she had once looked forward to, she has placed herself and her income over and above her own small requirements in the hands of Mrs. Richardson and a band of London workers.

She cultivates the music she loves, and sings often: not once in six months in fashionable drawing-rooms but for her own amusement, and in East London workmen's halls and coffee-palaces.

Everard Fane is fascinated by this lovely sorrowful-eyed girl, so grave and earnest, and so strangely different from other young women he meets. Day by day the charm increases.

He has a sister who lives with him, and she soon becomes one of Beryl's best friends; and he contrives to see Beryl almost daily. Society does not know; society can only take note of what its saloons and conservatories witness; it does not seek for Sir Everard Fane at the East-end of London, or for Mrs. Carrington's fair cousin in the boudoir of Mary Fane, who is plain and quite and engaged to a country Rector.

And ere long it comes about that Beryl can do nothing without Fane's help or Mary's advice, and they take a warm deep interest in all her doings.

Fane learns from a friend that Beryl is a woman of good fortune, and marvels yet more at the path she, so young and pretty, has chosen, the work she voluntarily takes up. No one tells him—for, indeed, the world has well-nigh forgotten the tale—the story of her marriage with Louis d'Arcy. Her schemes begin to prosper; she feels for the first time that there is a place for her in the world, that money may be a blessing instead of a curse. The sun grows brighter, the sky more blue. She thinks it is but the success of her efforts, which used to be only despairing attempts, and she is very grateful to Sir Everard Fane, the truest and kindest friend she has ever met, and his sister. She thinks it is all kindness and goodness on his part, gratitude on hers. But Fane, acknowledging the sweetness of the hours of meeting, knows that he loves Beryl d'Arcy with all the wealth of enduring affection a man can give but once in a lifetime.

So the happy dream goes on.

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Marcus Serle is reading the *Daily Telegraph* at his club, when a conversation carried on near him arrests his attention. He listens with strained ears as the club-loungers laugh merrily over the fact that Fane has been caught by Mrs. D'Arcy, and that the affair is as good as settled.

"Theodora," he says, the same afternoon, walking into Mrs. Carrington's drawing-room, "what is the meaning of this talk about Beryl I hear at the club?"

"What talk?" asks Theodora.

"That she and Everard Fane are meeting, and are supposed to be engaged, or something of the sort."

"My dear Marcus, you men at the club are always talking some nonsense. I do not believe he has met her more than twice."

"I hope you will see that she does not meet him any more," urges Marcus, angrily. "She made a fool of herself once; I won't have her name over London a second time! At present the first affair is luckily well-nigh forgotten; but it won't take long, I can tell you, to rake it up again. Another club talk or two, and the thing is done."

Theodora's face is a little pale; but she answers calmly—

"I will speak to Beryl. I don't think there is anything to fear."

Mrs. Carrington, however, determines to sound Everard Fane before she speaks to Beryl. It will be easier, she thinks, to draw from him how far the thing has gone.

Accordingly Fane finds himself dropping in to a five-o'clock tea at Rutland Square, and, to his surprise, finds Theodora alone. She is dressed in one of her most charming costumes, of some soft creamy material, broidered with golden daffodils. The room is cool and shady and fragrant, and the servant brings in quaint Japanese tea-cups, into which she pours the lemon-scented tea.

"I want you to tell me about this hall you are building in Shoreditch. Is it Shoreditch?" she says, as she leans back in her low chair, holding her tea-cup in one hand, and with the other fanning herself slowly with a great scarlet Japanese fan. "I am so very much interested in what I hear. Why did not you tell me of it?"

"It is not I who am building it," Fane answers. "It is Mrs. D'Arcy. I have nothing to do with it, except that she has allowed me to make a few suggestions."

"Really?" Theo's dark eyebrows arch inquiringly. "I thought it was all your idea. You know my cousin then? I was not aware of it."

"Oh, yes!" replies Fane. "Do you not remember? You introduced me to her at your house."

"To be sure! But an introduction in itself does not amount to much. Beryl is very quiet; she does not care for many acquaintances, and perhaps it is as well. It would hardly be suitable for her, poor Beryl, to go out a great deal."

Fane is a little puzzled; but he fancies there has been something especially sad in the early widowhood of Beryl d'Arcy.

"I have seen her a good many times since then," he says, hesitatingly. "She knows my sister, and she has been good enough to consult me about her plans."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure, Sir Everard, to help her," Theodora returns, warmly. "But you are such a philanthropist, I suppose you are always ready to help efforts in that line. Lord Plymouth was saying the other day that no scheme could get on long without you. But how good of you to give any thought to these small amateur attempts!"

"It is something more than a small attempt," rejoins Sir Everard. "And it is not the scheme alone which interests me," he adds, boldly.

Mrs. Carrington looks so handsome and smiling and gracious, sitting there in her easy cushioned chair, with her gently waving fan.

"Mrs. Carrington, it is her thoughtfulness, her goodness, her sweet unselfishness, which makes me long to give my life——"

"To emulating her virtues?" interrupts Theodora, speaking slowly and smiling carelessly. Sir Everard has said too much already. "I am glad that Mrs. D'Arcy should have some plans to occupy her mind. Everything has been very sad for her, of course. Fortunately, Mr. D'Arcy does not interfere with the manner in which she chooses to spend her money."

"Mr. D'Arcy!"

The strange sharp tone scarcely seems to come from Fane, but there is a terribly startled look in the brown eyes that meet Theodora's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR A LONG LIFE.—The following delineation is the 'portrait of a man destined to a long life,' drawn by the German physician Hufeland years ago, 'He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is of rather the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does no project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His feet are rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad-arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance: they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate.

He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight attached with this advantage, with regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives away to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth; an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature, of domestic felicity, has no thirst after riches or honor, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.' How many mortals living in this great age of sensational thought and action, will say that they substantially conform to the above?

AMONG THE ANDES.—Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but it is slumbering now. The only evidence of action is the frequent rumblings which can be heard for a hundred miles, and the clouds of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night which constantly arises from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to scale it, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling ladders. On the south side of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than 2,000 feet high, called the "Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi, if they can imagine a volcano 15,000 feet higher, shooting forth its fire from a crest covered by 3,000 feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard six hundred miles. And one can judge of the grandeur of the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

Here in these mountains, until the Spaniards came in 1534, existed a civilization that was old when Christ was crucified; a civilization whose arts were equal to those of Egypt; which had temples four times the size of the Capitol at Washington, from a single one of which the Spaniards drew out 22,000 ounces of solid silver nails; whose rulers had palaces from which the Spaniards gathered 90,000 ounces of gold and an unmeasured quantity of silver. Here was an empire stretching from the equator to the antarctic circle, that was conquered by 213 men under the leadership of a Spanish swine-herd, Pizarro, who could neither read nor write.

THE TRUEST WORTH.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The coarsest weed or worthless shrub may rear
Their heads aloft and scornful to the sky
As tho' they were of all around the peer
And Nature, smiling in her best, decry.

While—the golden grain aye lowly bent—
And branch all clad with grateful fruit, stoop low,
Or flowers in sweet and rarest colors blent
Nod meekly from the stem on which they grow.

For sense and worth no haughty bearing show—
No mean ambition and no empty pride,
But wear a modest mien 'fore high and low,
In simple grace and honest truth, allied.

My Charming Nurse.

BY PHYLLIS.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

IT is a year and a half later, and Christmas Eve. There is no suspicion of invalidism about the tall handsome young man who, sitting in a first-class car, with a rather bored expression on his face, is being whirled swiftly northwards.

He had checked his journey by spending one day in Edinburgh, and had felt it dull in the extreme. Even now, when he is hastening on to Aberdeen, the stupidity of his lonely stay there has not quite worn off.

But he is always dull now, he tells himself, with a disdainful shrug of his broad shoulders, and grows moodier and moodier until his journey coming to an end, he finds himself on the long chilly platform, with two gleaming carriage lamps awaiting him. The drive was a very long one, and bitterly cold.

The change from it to the soft brilliant warmth of a huge hall, hung with many skins and bristling with antlers, is almost more than he can endure with fortitude. As in a dream, he follows the servant across the hall—rose-lit from two shaded lamps upon the dark oak staircase beyond—and valiantly suppresses a desire to stay beside the huge log-fire for ever.

But the servant mercilessly marches him onwards, and presently he finds himself in a long, low, many-cornered room full of people, all more or less in the reposeful attitudes that border upon sleep.

There is a soft sweet subdued hum of slumberous voices, a tender tinkling of delicate china, the music of many spoons. There are no rose-lamps in this room; nothing but the leaping light of a glorious fire that renders all things clear as day.

The divan-looking lounges are covered with tartan, so are a good many of the men and only a few of them have their nether limbs covered.

Sir Rawdon, still unthawed, stares idly round him. There is a pretty girl in a voluminous arm-chair, who nods brightly to him—Miss Adair; and another crouched picturesquely upon the bearskin rug before the fire, who stops her chatter for an instant to gaze at him curiously; and—

Good heavens! who is that?

Who is that sitting over there, with her face, her figure, the very hands of her!

A slender creature, reclining in a low chair, and clad in an exquisite tea-gown—all satin and old lace.

She is smiling. One arm, half naked, but mittened to the elbow, is lying gracefully across the arm of her lounge as she leans towards her neighbor; the other is trifling idly with a huge white fan.

Even as Dare gazes at her, spellbound, she laughs, softly, merrily, at some remark made to her by her companion—a red-headed young Scotchman.

The laugh somewhat restores Sir Rawdon to his senses. Alas! she had never laughed; her lovely face had always been tinged with a deep melancholy.

What madness possessed him to make him think he saw again before him the one woman he had ever loved—the only one he ever should love? And to dream of meeting her here, of all places! A hospital nurse as a guest at The Towers, in that gown, that—

"Dear Sir Rawdon, so glad!" says his hostess—a tall handsome woman—at this moment, coming languidly forward with a smile and a graceful gesture. "So nice to see you again."

Sir Rawdon murmurs something to the effect that he is positively overpowered with joy at the idea of seeing her again; but his words sound vague and unmeaning—to himself, at least—and his eyes are not his own to deal with; they wander incessantly to the low chair and its lovely occupant, and will not be controlled. Who is the owner of that tea-gown?

"I think you know everybody," says Lady Dalruth, at the end of a long sentence not one word of which he heard.

"Not quite all. I have not the happiness of knowing your pretty friend on the hearth-rug, or—or the lady in the low chair over there."

"No? Well, time will cure that. The latter is my cousin, Miss Monteith. You would like to be introduced to her? Come, then."

"Evelyn dear, let me introduce to you Sir Rawdon Dare," she says a moment later.

Miss Monteith, turning slowly, lifts her eyes fully to Sir Rawdon's, and, after a calm comprehensive glance, makes him the very faintest salutation.

If he had ever seen this girl before, it is certain that she shows no recognition of ever having seen him. There is no surprised start, no faintest blush, no betraying pallor.

Her little bow is cold in the extreme, but nevertheless civil. She answers his rather agitated remark with the utmost composure; it is some ordinary thing about the beauty of the scenery round, and hardly requires any acknowledgment save a bare "yes," to which she confines herself.

If, indeed, some wild freak of Fate has suddenly changed the Nurse Eva—for whom he has been so persistently searching during all these past interminable months—into this stately repellent girl before him she is so clad in an impenetrable armor of reserve that he cannot pierce it.

And, after all, is it she? Could even Fate play such a trick? Is not all this rather some cruelty of his imagination, born of his long dwelling on one engrossing desire?

Once or twice during the evening he tried to speak to her; but though she always answered him very gently, still her manner was so cold as to check on every occasion further conversation.

Dropping into the background, after a last defeat, he finds himself close to an old beau, a certain Sir Harry Loune, who is well known to everybody and to whom everybody is known.

"Wouldn't look at you, eh?" says this old gentleman, with a chuckle. "Don't take that to heart; more than you have got the same tale to tell. She won't look at any one, not even at the best partis. Pretty, isn't she? Good form, eh? Toast of the season next year, I shouldn't wonder. Lady Dalruth wanted right or wrong, to introduce her this year, but she wouldn't hear of it. Seems to shrink from publicity. No wonder, too; beauty has made itself so dooced vulgar of late," says the old gentleman, with a shrug of disgust.

"Yes?" says Dare calmly, but his look is in itself a question.

"She's charmin'—charmin'," goes on Sir Harry, when he has refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, "and mysterious as she is lovely."

"Mysterious?"

"Rather, my dear boy! Mustn't say a word about it, you understand; but when she was about eighteen, her father, Sir Pagan Monteith, you know—eh—what? Don't want to know? Ha, ha! Very good indeed!

"Well, he wished at that time to force her into a marriage with a most dilapidated person—an earl, notwithstanding—quite old enough to be his father.

Girl wouldn't hear of this sacrifice at any price, and when pressed to it by angry parent, bolted—no one knows where, unless Lady Dalruth may. For three long years she remained incognita. Odd affair, isn't it? Nobody can explain it."

Dare thinks he could. Again the belief that Miss Monteith and his sweet nurse are one is full upon him; but he refrains from making his thoughts known to this old gossip.

"Why can't she say where she was, eh?" says Sir Harry, in a distinctly aggrieved tone; "this deadly silence is very injurious to her, eh?"

"Why should it be injurious to her?" asks Sir Rawdon fiercely.

He turns upon the old baronet with open wrath in his dark eyes. It is insufferable to hear her name bandied thus from lip to lip.

And yet her name? Whose name? If he lets this madness overpower him, what will the end be? What has that haughty beauty over there to do with his gentle nurse? Seeing Sir Harry's look of amazement, he hastens to change his tone.

"She looks too proud to be a subject for calumny," he says confusedly, almost apologetically.

But the old scandal-monger has found him stow, and in nowise a kindred spirit; so he hobbles away from him to where Lady Dalruth is standing.

Dare, too wearily disturbed in mind to find amusement in his present surroundings, follows his movements with idle uninterested eyes, but presently is attracted by something he hears him saying to his hostess.

"Left him at the point of death," said Sir Harry mendaciously, "as he thought; but it was nothing of the kind. Gordon recovered almost immediately. One of the Gordons of Clayne, you know. Fellow who upset him was a cousin, and thought to come in for the property, d'ye see."

"One of the Gordons of Clayne," is a bosom friend of Sir Rawdon's, so naturally he pricks up his ears.

"What did happen to him?" asks Lady Lady Dalruth, looking interested.

"Oh, mere trifle! Nothing vital, at all events. One fellow told me it was a broken clavicle; another a fractured humerus; but I haven't the faintest idea what either means."

"You should ask Evelyn for a translation," says Lady Dalruth, with a merry laugh.

Miss Monteith, who had been listening silently to the conversation, turns her eyes upon her. Is there entreaty or simple indifference in her glance? If entreaty, it comes too late; Lady Dalruth does not even see it.

"Miss Monteith?" asks Sir Harry.

"Yes. Didn't you know she has studied medicine, surgery, and all the rest of it?"

"You terrify me," says Sir Harry, with mock horror.

"That is quite a correct feeling for the occasion. She is really terribly learned. Aren't you, Evelyn?"

She smiles at the girl, as though in pleasant appreciation of a jest that is known to them alone. But Miss Monteith's return smile is forced and very faint.

"Learned? no. But I really have some taste for that sort of thing," she says quietly; and then turns away, as if anxious to terminate the conversation. In so doing, her eyes meet Dare's.

There is a pause, in which each regards the other with a strange anxiety. Then the blood slowly mounts to Miss Monteith's brow, until all her lovely face is dyed a warm crimson.

Her breath comes quickly; she wavers; then, with a last defiant, contemptuous glance, she moves away and sinks into a large chair at the opposite end of the room.

But to Dare there is no longer even a chance for doubt. Just so had she looked at him when, in a moment's passion, he had called her Eva in the hospital, and she had coldly corrected him; just so, no doubt, her large, scornful eyes had rested upon him during that last fateful hour, when he had half declared his love, and had hesitated—and been lost.

With a terrible sinking of the heart he tells himself that he has sinned past forgiveness in her eyes.

* * * * *

The next morning all the world is clad with snow (as far as the eye can see, and is lying heavily on branch and bough. The Christmas bells are chiming merrily. A soft grey mist is trembling between the earth and sky.

Over all, the merry sun is shining gaily. It is indeed an ideal Christmas morn.

Luncheon has come and gone, and they are all standing before the glowing fire in the billiard-room discussing the costumes to be worn at a fancy-dress ball, to be given in the neighborhood some time in the ensuing month.

"One gets so tired of the art rags and the past centuries' gowns," says Lady Dalruth dejectedly. "O, for something new, something bizarre, out of the common! I'm sure I don't know what is to be done about Evelyn. She and I are quite worn out trying to imagine a costume that all the world hasn't seen a hundred times before. The anxiety has robbed me of my honest sleep for a fortnight past, I have so set my heart on making her a success. But each of my ideas only seems more crude than the last. Dear Sir Rawdon, do suggest something."

An uncontrollable impulse takes hold of Dare. He glances at Miss Monteith, to find she too is looking full at him, that dreamy touch of scorn that had offended him last night now wide awake within her large eyes. It spurs him to his half-determined purpose.

"Why not try the dress of a hospital nurse?" he says to Lady Dalruth, pale but smiling. "I don't recollect having ever seen it at a ball before, and I think the pretty little cap and apron would suit Miss Monteith admirably."

"Sir Rawdon! Whm can you know about hospital nurses?" says a pretty girl from the opposite side of the hearth-rug, with an amused laugh.

"Didn't you know I was in the hospital for many weeks summer before last when I smashed myself up?" returns Sir Rawdon distinctly. "I don't think I shall ever forget the kindness I received there; and at all events I know I shall never, under any circumstances, forget my nurse."

"Ah, gratitude is a charming virtue!" says the pretty girl, with a second laugh. "Was it her cap and apron you were thinking of just now?"

"Yes. They are indelibly imprinted upon my brain."

Again he glances at Miss Monteith. If she has grown a little whiter it is at least only perceptible to a lover's eyes.

"Do you know, the costume sounds well," she says quite calmly. "Let us think of it, Mirabel," turning to Lady Dalruth. "It is the one thing you desire—out of the common."

Lady Dalruth's answer is a little confused. Miss Monteith looks full at Sir Rawdon, her eyes dilate, and

> "O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
> In the contempt and anger of her lip!"

With a little passionate movement of the hand, unseen by all but him, she crosses the room with slow graceful step, and disappears through the doorway.

It takes Sir Rawdon but a moment to invent some idle speech, that leaves him, too, free to quit the apartment without arousing suspicion of the real motive of his departure.

Finding himself in the hall, he comes to a standstill, and asks himself what it is he means to do.

He cannot forget that last glance of hers, or the passionate anger contained in it. He feels he would give half his possessions to be able honestly to hate her, but yet knows by the sheer impossibility of his being able to do this, that he loves her.

As he stands irresolute, one of the footmen passes through the hall. Then and there a sudden resolution comes to Sir Rawdon.

He will go to her, tell her all—lay bare his heart to her, and, if it must be, hear from her own lips the "No" that will blast his life forever. Anything will be better than this crushing suspense.

"Where is Miss Monteith?" he asks the man as he goes by.

"In the library, sir. Saw her go in there just now."

Opening the library door he enters the room, and finds himself alone with her.

She is standing at the far window, and, with a little start, acknowledges his entrance.

He would have gone to her, but with a certain impulsive eagerness she too moves and meets him half way. That her late anger is still warm within her eyes is known to him at the first glance.

"So, now you know me," she says defiantly, "are you satisfied? Is your curiosity satiated?"

"I knew you from the first moment. Was I likely to forget?"

"That is the bitterness of it," she says. "Are those three sad years of my life never to be obliterated?"

"From my mind, never! The few weeks I claim out of them were the happiest of my life."

"What brings you to me now?" demands she suddenly. "Is there more you would still learn as to the why and the wherefore of my going into hospital as a nurse? I warn you I shall give no explanation."

"I do not desire one," says Dare humbly; "I know all about it. Your father's tyranny; your escape from a marriage with that vile old man; your life in hospital—everything. Do you hate me the more because I know all this?"

"Hate you—no!"

There is studied contempt in the curl of her lip.

"Hatred is a strong sentiment; what I feel for you is only indifference."

She goes back to her former position in the window, as though to terminate the interview. But he, having "cast his all upon the die," makes one more effort for dear life. He follows her even there.

"Even the worst criminals get a fair hearing," he says. "Let me plead my cause."

"No. It would be waste of time."

"At least tell me of what I stand accused."

"Listen, then!" exclaims she, turning to him with flashing eyes. "When unkind Fate sent you to that hospital a year and a half ago, and you saw me there day after day, a mere nurse, and—as you believed—unknown and obscure, you deigned to fancy yourself in love with me. Your momentary infatuation went even so far, that as the hour approached that was to put an end for ever to our intercourse with each other, driven by some puerile impulse, you deemed it even possible to declare your love, and offer me your name. But when it came to the point, you quailed; you drew back your half-uttered words; you shrank from allying yourself with one beneath you. My feelings were as nothing to you. Knowing myself scorned, rejected, without being afforded so much as the poor gratification of being able to refuse you, I left the room, hoping, praying I might never see your face again. Do you think," with a painful sob, "I shall ever forgive all that?"

"Hear me."

"I will not. If your life, and heart, and title were all at my feet now, I——"

"They are at your feet."

"Then I reject them," she returns with vehemence.

"As you will. But at least you shall listen to what I have to say in my defence," says Dare, with dignity. "That morning of which you speak—my last in the hospital—I truly meant, as you say, to tell you of my love."

"Meant! And then—you hesitated."

"I did," says Dare, simply. "My name and the honor of my house is dear to me. Is it a crime beyond forgiveness that I should have paused before offering that name and honor to a woman, who, though the most beautiful and lovable in the world, was still—unknown?"

"Why should you seek to excuse yourself?" interrupts Miss Monteith haughtily; "I know all that."

"There is, however, one thing that you do not know. You saw that I did battle with myself that morning, but you did not wait the termination of it. Love and duty fought a hard fight, but when it was over, you—that is, Love—had won the victory; I raised my head again to tell you all—to beseech you to be my wife, but you were gone. Later on I searched for you everywhere; I advertised, all to no purpose. For eighteen months I sought for you—in vain."

Her face is turned away from him now, but a faint sound, that is either a sigh or a protest, escapes her.

"About all this you must believe me or not, as you will," says Dare, quietly. "I have only my simple word to give you, but it is at least a word that has never yet been dishonored. Will you not say something to me?"

"All I have to say has been said long ago. I cannot forgive you," says Miss Monteith, but as she says it she bursts into tears.

"I will not accept such words from your lips," exclaims Dare, with deep agitation. And then all in a moment his arms are round her and his cheek pressed close to hers.

"Beloved," he says, "have pity upon me! Just think of it! You who have a name as old as mine, can you not understand the struggle I endured?"

"I can," murmurs she sadly; "and—yes, I honor you for it. But——" Here her voice fails. "Oh, if you could only know what I have suffered!" she says, sobbing bitterly.

"I do know it. It was just half what I suffered," returns he, gravely. "Oh, darling, put an end to my misery now—here! Of the two I am the more to be pitied, because if you still prove unkind my unhappiness will last for ever. Eva, speak to me."

"Evelyn," corrects she, softly.

"Ah, of course. But you must remember how long you have been 'Eva' to me. What an eternity lies in that year and a half! The very length of wretchedness should buy my pardon."

"You are a special pleader," whispers she; and then she makes him a present of a

little arch smile, and a tender glance from under her drenched lashes.

"Tell me you love me," persists he.

"I cannot—yet. There is first something ——"

"Nothing that shall separate us," declares he, stoutly.

"There may be. Who—who was that 'Alys' you were always raving about during that dreadful time when you were ill?"

"Alys! My sister, of course!" says he triumphantly. "Had a letter from her only yesterday. She has been in India with her husband for the past four years, or probably you would have seen her at the hospital during that lucky time when I was ill. Now, what have you got to say?" He is fast waxing into the wildest spirits.

"Nothing," returns she, demurely; "so now let us go back to the others."

She makes a movement as though to go to the door, but he seizes her.

"Oh, yes, there is something!" he says, "and you sha'n't go without confessing it. Now then—you will marry me?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Ye—es."

"And you are sure you love me?"

"As sure as sure can be!" says Miss Monteith, solemnly, with a shameless disregard of maidenly reserve.

The Single Sisters.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

WHEN hands are busy tongues are generally busy, too. Making flannel and calico garments for poor children is not very lively work if people sit munchance, but the Sewing Society of Nettleton never did that. They talked everything over, and came at last to dreams, and whether in these latter days, dreams had a meaning.

"Of course they haven't," said Miss Haven, matter-of-fact and quiet. "I never pay any attention to mine. I should think it wrong."

"But something dreadful always happens if I dream of being chased by an elephant," said Miss Jones, shuddering.

"But do you ever dream such a funny dream?" asked Miss Pell.

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Jones. "And the last time Mary fell upstairs with the new tea-set, and broke every piece. And once my Cousin Potter came very near being drowned."

"Well," said Miss Brown, "I can't help it! Nice dreams make me happy, and bad ones fidget me. None ever 'came true' that I know of."

"I had a very strange one once," quietly said Miss Mercer.

"Oh, do tell us!" said Miss Crane. "I love dreams and ghost stories."

"Very well," said Miss Mercer, "I will. It was twenty years ago, and times were very hard with my brother, who had borrowed money on mortgage, and we knew that if we didn't pay promptly, old Scrueby, who held the mortgage, would sell us all out.

"But we'd got the money, and I was going over to pay it in a great hurry, for there was no time to lose, so I put the money into a little straw bag I had, and started off, brisk and happy, and had got to old Scrueby's very door, when, taking hold of the handle of the basket, I found—and just think how I must have felt!—that I had the handle all safe, but that the basket was gone.

"I don't know as you ever saw a basket just like it. It was about twice as big as a good-sized apple, and as round, and bright red. There was a good clasp on it, and a hoop all round it, and the handle was fastened to the hoop—worse luck!—not to the basket.

"There was the hoop, fast as you please, to the handle, but just two stitches had ripped, and basket and money, and for all I know, my brother's homestead, were gone. I turned back, hunting all along the road. I passed Scrueby's old black cow, and his mastiff, and some chickens, and nothing else.

"I looked, and I looked all the way home, and I looked our house all over; but it wasn't to be found. I was so upset when it came to telling my brother that it made me sick. He was kind as could be, but I couldn't bear to think of what I had done, and I had to go to bed.

"The first thing I knew I was dreaming; and no wonder I dreamt about that little red basket. I thought I was hunting, hunting, hunting for it, and wandering on as you do in dreams, until I came to a gipsy tent in front of which sat old Nance, who had made my basket for me when I went with sister Ann on her wedding-trip. There she was, in my dream, making baskets of all colors but red—blue, yellow, violet, green; everything but red. I stopped, I dreamt, and looked at her, and she looked up at me.

"'You have been crying?' she said.

"'Yes,' I said; 'I have lost your red basket, and all my brother's money in it.'

"'Bad,' she said, 'bad to lose money. Go and ask the black cow for it.'

"'The black cow?' I said. 'I don't understand you.'

"She looked me straight in the eyes.

"'Do what the old gipsy tells you,' she said, slowly. 'Get up when the sun is asleep, before the birds sing, before the pink is in the sky. Go to the man you had to pay the money to. Say to him: "How is the black cow?" If you do that you will find the basket Gipsy Nance made for you.'

"Then I was awake, lying in my bed, and through the window I saw the grey sky and the dawn close at hand, and I sat up and thought. It was a queer, crazy sort of thing to do, but I dressed myself and started off. My feet were soaked with dew before I got to old Scrueby's house, and I was chilled through, but I saw him standing at his gate. I walked up and spoke to him, but I couldn't say anything about the cow at first. I only told him about my loss. He listened grimly.

"'It's a pity,' he said, 'but you know I can't afford to lose it. So I hope you'll find it—if, as you say, it's lost.'

"I put my hand into my pocket and drew out the hoop and handle of my basket. Still he shook his head doubtfully, and said, with a hypocritical whine—

"'I'm a poor man, and I can't afford to lose more now, with my best cow dying.'

"'The black cow?' I cried.

"He nodded.

"'When the boy fetched her in last night, she was choking. She is yet. We thought she'd got an apple in her throat, but she ain't. It feels swelled up and tough, but there's no apple there.'

"'May I see her?' I said.

"'Well, yes,' he answered, and I followed him.

"There was the old black cow, choking and gasping. I walked up to the beast, and put my hand down her throat, without a word.

"I suppose, if I hadn't known what to expect, I should have thought what I felt was tough skin, but you see I didn't. It was hard work, but I got hold of it at last, and pulled, and out it came. My basket, and nothing else, fastened still, with the money inside of it.

"Now, did I tell fibs?' I asked, fitting the hoop over it. "Your cow must have thought my basket was a big apple'

"I know old Scrueby was sorry he hadn't pulled it out before I came. But I was glad and the cow was glad, and brother was rejoiced and our farm was saved.

"I wrote to some people I know, and asked about Gipsy Nance, and they told me she had been dead for four years. I don't know what to believe, I am sure. But I only tell you the solemn truth, every word of it. What do you think, ladies?"

But how could anyone think about it? It was a mystery to the Single Sisters, as it was to Miss Mercer herself, as it will be to you. We only know that Miss Mercer would not tell a falsehood, and that her dream was dreamt. We cannot know why or how, or whence the dream came.

The Architect's Son.

RHAMPSINITA, King of Egypt, who lived about the year 1230 B. C. had accumulated immense treasures. In order to put them in safety he raised a stone edifice, one of the walls of which was outside the precincts of his palace.

The architect entrusted with the construction of the building arranged one of the stones so artfully that a single man could easily displace it and enter the structure.

Shortly after the King had caused all his treasures to be conveyed thither, the architect fell dangerously ill, and feeling convinced that his end was approaching, he revealed his secret to his two sons; and, after clearly designating the stone, and teaching them in what manner it could be moved, he added, that if they were but prudent, they might soon be possessed of the monarch's riches.

After the architect's death, his two sons lost no time in going, at night, to the palace, and having found the stone that had been pointed out to them and easily displaced it, they carried away a considerable sum. They repeated the same manœuvre, several times, and to such a degree that the King, on going one day to examine his treasures, was surprised to find the vases that contained them half emptied.

He knew not what to make of this, for everything was secured, and his royal seal on the door had remained unbroken.

Unable, therefore, to suspect any one person more than another, he caused several traps to be placed round the vases that held his riches.

On the following night, the pilferers, as usual, entered the edifice: but one of them, on approaching the vase, was caught in a trap. After vainly endeavoring to free himself, he called to his brother, who was keeping watch, and begged him to cut his head off immediately, lest, on being recognized, he should be likewise implicated in his misfortune.

The latter hesitated for a while, but was at length overruled; and, having carefully replaced the stone, he returned home with his brother's head.

On this discovery, the King hit upon the expedient of hanging the body on the outside wall and placing guards around it, with strict orders to seize and bring before him any persons who appeared specially affected by this shocking sight.

Meanwhile, the surviving thief, having returned home, had been ill-received by his mother, who, on hearing that the mutilated body of her son was publicly exposed, bid her son bring her back the corpse, threatening, in case of failure, to go and accuse him before the King.

Her son, having vainly attempted to soften his mother by entreaties, made up his mind, like a brave man, to dare the worst.

He loaded several asses with bladders full of wine, and drove them before him, till he reached the spot where his brother's body was hanging: he then untied several of the bladders, and when the wine began to flow in great abundance, he burst out into lamentations, and affected the greatest despair. The guards soon joined him hoping to get a share of the spilt wine; whereupon the young man appeared violently angry, and loaded the soldiers with abuse. However, as the latter endeavored to comfort him for his misfortune, he grew appeased, and, out of gratitude for their having done their best to stop his asses, and close the bladders, he gave them some wine, and, at their request, he sat down amongst them, and served them out such full measure, that, towards evening, they were so completely drunk as to fall soundly asleep.

As soon as the night was sufficiently advanced, the pretended driver of asses took down the corpse, and laid it on one of the asses, and, having shaved the right cheek of each of the soldiers in derision, he returned home to his mother.

The King, on hearing what had taken place, was very wroth; but, being desirous of discovering the thief at any rate, he placed his daughter in a public part of the town, and announced his intention of giving her in marriage to whoever should answer the questions she would ask him in a satisfactory manner.

Now the Princess was instructed to ask each person what were the wickedest and most cunning actions they had committed; and if anyone was to boast of having stolen the thief's corpse, she was to stop him, and be sure he did not escape.

But the architect's son saw through the King's intention, and determined to outwit him. He cut off the arm of a corpse, and concealing it under his mantle, he went at night to speak to the young maiden, and, in reply to her questions, he answered that the most wicked action he had ever committed was cutting off his brother's head; and the most cunning one, the carrying off his body from the soldiers that guarded it.

The Princess immediately rushed upon him, and endeavored to secure him; but, as it was dark, he extended the dead man's arm towards her, which she seized; then, quickly opening the door, he left hold of the arm, and escaped.

On hearing of so much subtlety, combined with so much boldness, Rhampsinita's anger turned to admiration.

He caused a proclamation to be made throughout all the towns of his kingdom, that, far from wishing to punish the criminal, he would load him with riches if he would make himself known to him.

The thief trusted to his word and had no cause to repent of so doing, for the King gave him his daughter in marriage, "for he looked upon him as the cleverest of all men, because he knew more than all the Egyptains, who are themselves more ingenious than all other nations." M. P. S.

AN ORIENTAL ECONOMIST.—Once upon a time there lived, in a remote town in China, two gentlemen who were partners in a rag-and-bottle business, and who were named respectively Ah Ling and Ah Hat. The business was a thriving one, and, but for the luxurious tastes of Ah Hat, they would have soon realised a competence. Ah Ling viewed his partner's extravagant habits with mingled pain and anger, and persistently, but vainly, strove to inculcate in him his own principles of domestic economy. Ah Hat, however, seemed irreclaimable—he was a confirmed sybarite.

One bitter cold night, Ah Ling entered his partner's room and found the worthy epicurean shivering over a miserable fire of small sticks, over which was suspended by the tail the dead body of a kitten.

Ah Ling turned pale with rage.

"That kitten is for your supper, I suppose?" he said, bitterly.

Ah Hat acknowledged that it was.

"It would have fetched a price at the sausage maker's," said Ah Ling; "but let that pass. Where did you get those sticks?"

"I went out and picked them up about the street," answered Ah Hat, meekly.

"And of course you went in your boots?" thundered Ah Ling, with an eye of fire. "You wear out your boots to gather paltry sticks—you put a whale on your hook to catch a tadpole! But let that pass also. How did you light your sticks?"

Ah Hat confessed in confusion that he used a match and a piece of paper, upon learning which Ah Ling nearly had a fit, and was too choked with indignation to reply.

"What is a man to do?" asked poor Ah Hat, tearfully. "These cold nights freeze a man's marrow in his bones."

"And very profitable too," said Ah Ling, recovering himself; "you can sell it for lard. But if you want to know what to do, come to my room at this time to-morrow evening and you will learn."

On the following evening, which was intensely cold, the luxurious Ah Hat sought his partner's room to receive the promised lesson. He found Ah Ling seated upon an old mat in the centre of the room, pale, and shivering as if with ague, but bathed from head to foot in a profuse perspiration.

Ah Hat was stricken with wonder. He looked round the room—there was no fire; he felt the floor—there was no heat underneath; he examined Ah Ling—he was nearly naked.

The upper lip of the economist curled scornfully.

"Feel me, idiot!" he said. "Am I warm?"

"As toast," acknowledged Ah Hat, having felt.

"Observe me, maniac! Do I perspire?"

"Most freely," assented Ah Hat, having observed.

"Look up, then, driveller!" said Ah Ling.

Ah Hat looked up, and the mystery was explained. Directly over the head of his partner was suspended from the roof, by very slender words, a large piece of rock.

It was the fear of the rock falling that kept Ah Ling warm!

C. H. CHAMBERS.

Scientific and Useful.

THE UNIVERSAL WATCH.—A novel kind of watch has been recently invented at Neuchatel; but, owing to the defective state of the law in Switzerland, the inventor has been obliged to patent it in France. This watch is called The Universal Watch and indicates simultaneously the times of different countries—one for example, shows the different times for Paris, Suez, Bombay, and China and another for New York and San Francisco.

THE PINE.—A new industry in the Southern forests is the utilization of the needles of the longleaved pine. The leaves are soaked in a bath to remove the glazing, and then "crinkled" for stuffing cushions and other upholstering purposes. They are specially valuable on ship-board and other places where furniture is in danger of becoming infested with insects. The turpentine which remains in the leaves makes a most inhospitable abode for these annoying visitors.

BUTTERMILK.—Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and, therefore, one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

WATER.—Water, says a traveller who has had many years' experience in hot countries, should be given to a horse whenever he wants it, but, he adds: A man should always try to do as long as ever he can in the early part of the day without drinking; if once he tastes water, he becomes thirsty again in half an hour. I have often ridden hard under a blasting sun in clouds of dust, from daylight until 11 o'clock, but once tempted to take a drink, have not been able to abstain for an hour at a time.

STEEL AND LIME.—All steel articles can be perfectly preserved from rust by putting a lump of freshly-burnt lime in the drawer or case in which they are kept. If the things are to be moved (as a gun in its case, for instance), put the lime in a muslin bag. This is especially valuable for specimens of iron when fractured, for in a moderately dry place the lime will not want any renewing for many years, as it is capable of absorbing a large quanity of moisture. Articles in use should be placed in a box nearly filled with thoroughly pulverized slake lime. Before using them, rub well with a woolen cloth.

Farm and Garden.

HAY AND MOISTURE.—Great care should be used to have the hay perfectly free from dew or rain when put into the mow, as a single load of wet hay thrown in may cause great injury by heating several tons of that which is put in later.

FEEDING STOCK.—One of the grandest secrets in feeding all live stock is to change to any new food gradually, and to give no more than will be eaten with a good appetite. Young animals need to be fed more frequently than older ones.

KEROSENE.—Kerosene oil is attracting much attention as an insecticide. It is a deadly poison to nearly all insects, while it is harmless to man. As it does not mix with water, an emulsion should be made with milk. An emulsion composed of one-third oil and two-thirds milk, either sweet or sour, is found to be more serviceable. This emulsion may be applied in the same manner as Paris green.

VERMIN.—To kill lice on cattle, a mixture of one bushel of dry sand and five pounds of sulphur will clean fifty head. Get them into a huddle, if you have a large lot, then go to the windward side, and throw it or sprinkle as best you can, to get it on. One good sprinkling will kill and clean out every one. Sulphur, coal-oil and lard-oil will clean fowls of lice and scaly legs. Rub it on the feet and legs, and run your greasy hands through the feathers.

THE SOIL.—There is said to be carried off from the soil nine pounds of lime in twenty-five bushels of oats, and fifteen pounds to thirty-eight bushels of barley. There are thirty-five pounds of lime in two tons of clover, 140 pounds in twenty-five tons of turnips, and 270 pounds in nine tons of potatoes. Some soils contain an abundance of lime for a thousand years, while other soils require an occasion application of lime as a fertilizer.

THE HORSE.—To a hard-working horse, repose is almost as much a necessity as good food, but tired though he may be, he is often very shy to lie down, even when a clean bed is provided for him. Unless a horse lies down regularly, his rest is never complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and while it is true that some horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would wear much longer, and perform their work much better if they rested naturally. Young, nervous horses not infrequently refuse to lie down when first made to occupy a stall, and, when introduced into a town stable, the habit may become confirmed, unless inducements are offered to overcome the disinclination.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 726 Sansom St.

The Fact of Immortality.

Life, death, eternity—how vast, how deep, how solemn these three words, so familiar to us all! Who can measure, who can fathom, their meaning? In the midst of life we are surrounded by death, confronted by eternity, with its boundless prospects of weal and woe. Life on earth ends in death, and death is but a dark door to the other life which has no end. Astronomy can not tell whether this visible universe has boundaries or not, and what lies beyond. Theology cannot determine the locality of that invisible universe from which no traveler returns, nor the direction and length of that lonely passage which carries the disembodied spirit from its present to its future abode. But this we know—and it is enough for our comfort—there is abundance of room for all, even within the limits of this universe, and for aught we know the spirit world may be very near and round about us. There are exalted moments in our life when we see the heavens open and the angels of God descending and ascending. Life is a mystery—a glorious mystery with a heaven beyond, but a terrible mystery with annihilation or endless punishment in prospect. The immortality of the soul is a universal instinct and desire of the human race. Like the idea of God, it is planted in our intellectual and moral constitution. We cannot think backward without reaching an ultimate cause which has no beginning; and we cannot think forward without arriving at a result which has no ending. God and eternity precede and succeed time, and time itself is filled with both. We cannot conceive that a wise Creator should make man in his own image and endow him with the highest faculties, without ordaining him for endless existence. He cannot intend the head of his creatures, the masterpiece of his hand, to perish like a brute. He can not allow virtue to suffer and iniquity to flourish without some future adjustment, which will give to every one his due, and restore the harmony of character and condition. It seems impossible that a rational being filled with infinite longings, and capable of endless progress, should be suddenly cut off in the beginning of his career "like the empty fabric of a vision, leaving no wreck behind." It seems impossible that the mind, which proves its independence of the body, and matures in strength while the body declines, should be dissolved with its material tent. No husband can close the eyes of a beloved wife, no parent can commit a child to the cold grave, no one can bid farewell to a bosom friend, without the ardent wish of the recovery of the loss and a meeting again in a better world where tears of parting are unknown. Every consideration of God's goodness, love and justice, of man's capacities, desires and hopes, and of surrounding nature, with its perennial renovation of seasons and transformations of death itself into new forms of life, forces upon us the belief in the immortality of the human soul. But, after all, philosophy and science can lead us to the probability of immortality, and there is a vast step from probability to certainty. The starry heavens above and the moral law within may well have filled the great philosopher of the last century with ever-growing reverence and awe; but beyond the starry heavens and behind the moral law lie the sublimer regions of faith, which fill us with deeper reverence, and which alone can give us solid comfort in life and in death.

The Skeleton in the Family.

Most frequently the skeleton assumes the most ominous dimensions and does the most damage in a "mixed family"—that is, where the son takes his wife home, or the "old folks" go to live with married children, or where unmarried brothers or sisters must live with a married one. If a young man would not catch his bird before he had finished "nest building," if none would marry till in circumstances to support a wife, what a great decrease it would make in the sum total of real and fancied unhappiness! It is often said that no house was ever yet built which was large enough for two families, and, indeed, experience seems to justify the assertion. Sometimes in these "mixed families" the wife is placed in a circle which has heretofore got on excellently well without her, and is received with a coldness which chills the love she might have felt for her husband's family; sometimes she is jealous of her new rights, and anxious to take the chief place in the household without assuming its responsibilities. Perhaps the elderly woman who has ordered her household wisely beyond her silver wedding day does not care to resign the leadership; or the inexperienced newcomer may be ambitious of honors, but not of work. It is safe to say there was never yet a "family jar" in which there was not fault on both sides. It is best in cases where necessity obliges two families to live under one roof, to set out with a distinct understanding as to "which lives with which;" it will help to preserve peace. If the father receive the son and his wife into the old homestead, it is usually, and ought always to be, with a definite understanding in regard to division of profits and increase. He is a terribly mistaken man who "deeds the farm" to a son without stipulating for a certain sum to be paid to him annually during his life. Let the "women folks" also have a definite understanding in regard to their reciprocal household duties. If the farmer retains the management of the farm in his own hands, let the wife, unless incapacitated by age or disease, rule her own house; the daughter-in-law being unto her as one of her own girls, to be loved and cared for, consulted and held responsible, as they are. If the senior abdicates, let the son and his wife co-operate in out-door and in-door affairs. But under almost every imaginable condition differences of opinion, ending too often in quarrels, will enter. When we remember how difficult it is for many children born of the same parents, and thus united by the strong ties of blood and affection, as well as common interest, to get on peaceably together, we can see how unreasonable it is to expect strangers, often far apart in age and temperament, to live in intimate companionship without friction. Many and many a time those who would have been the best of friends if only seeing each other occasionally, will do everything but scratch and pull hair under the same roof, and all about trifles, which they magnify into great wrongs. The elders resent the "new fangled notions," and predict their failure; the juniors are bound to "keep up with the procession." The old housekeeper is annoyed at seeing her cherished possessions irreverently treated; the junior who has no associations connected with them, proposes to wear out "the old duds" to make way for new ones, which will then be hers, and "upon that rock they split."

In no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of the infant mind. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our heart. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us like a guardian-angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men and lives in us and blesses us when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. What constitutes the centre of every home, whither our thoughts turn when our feet are weary with wandering and our hearts sick with disappointment? And, if there be a tribunal where the sins and the follies of a froward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness this side of heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.

Pride, the desire of bodily pleasure, anger, ambition—at least so far as the word implies a natural pleasure in governing—pugnacity, obstinacy, and the selfish family and personal affections have all their necessary offices—for the most part wide and constant—in the economy of the world. The saintly virtues—humility, resignation, patience, obedience—meaning the love of obeying rather than of commanding—fortitude against all temptation of bodily pleasure, and the full-flowing charity which forbids a selfish love, are all conditions of mind possible to few, and manifestly meant to furnish forth those who are to be seen as fixed lights in the world, and by no means to be the native inheritance of fireflies. Wherever these virtues truly and naturally exist, the persons endowed with them become, without any doubt or difficulty, eminent in blessing to, and rule over, the people round them, and are thankfully beloved and remembered as princes of God for evermore.

It is well to dwell in memory and imagination with the good and the great of all times—to study their lives, to admire their genius, to revere their characters, to keep our hearts open to their influence. This does not mean, however, that we are to imitate them rigidly in thought, word, or action. He who strives to copy a great man will never become a great man, for he misses the chief element of his greatness—originality. His hero never copied any one in thought or life, or he would never have risen to greatness, and thus the servile imitator fails even in his own poor attempt.

The man who has ever had deep and sincere doubt, will afterwards regard it with interest and sympathy as the tomb of his now risen and renewed being, and extend the sympathy to those who are still enclosed. A Paul disbelieved once, and pitied unbelief ever afterwards. A Coleridge doubted once, and became the spiritual father of many bewildered doubters. A Hall was once a materialist, and buried—gravely and reverently — materialism in his father's grave. An Arnold fought for years with doubt, and his last words were the words of Christ to doubting Thomas.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your girls, do not neglect to instruct them in the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of making home happy.

The World's Happenings.

There's good sleighing yet in the Michigan woods.

Ordinary bones are worth as much per ton as pig-iron.

The tomato is being introduced into Turkey, where it is known as the red egg.

A bullet fired at a Georgia man, recently, struck his watch-chain, which saved his life.

The Earl of Selkirk, who died very rich, lately, left a year's salary to all employed on his estate.

The postmaster of Neshoba, Miss., drew the smallest salary paid to a government official last year—12 cents.

An enterprising Asbury Park butcher advertises himself as a "professional slayer and artistic dissector."

A resident of Atlanta, Ga., died of congestion of the lungs in seven minutes after a hearty diet of watermelon.

A merchant in Lincoln county, Ky., has had one of his clerks arrested on a charge of stealing two paper collars in 1882.

Barbed-wire defences for the Brooklyn bridge, to keep intending suicides from jumping off its heights, are suggested.

A Japanese inventor claims to have made from sea weed a paper transparent enough to be substituted for window-glass.

Mr. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburg, shoes his horse with silver, and considers it unlucky for the animal to cast a shoe.

An Atlanta, Ga., man has raised a cabbage of the flat Dutch variety, which the local paper says is "eight feet in diameter."

"A boy who does not play base-ball, and is willing to work for good wages," is advertised for by a Greensboro, N. C., merchant.

There are said to be 12,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in the State of New York, of which 5,000,000 are covered with forests.

Two new pronunciations are reported to have made their appearance in cultured New England—"asparagus," and "decorative."

The Chinese conquest of the cigar-making trade in San Francisco is complete, as now there is but one large factory employing white men.

Great Britain's 284 lifeboat stations have saved 633 lives and eighteen vessels during the last year, launching lifeboats 332 times, and not losing a man.

At Omaha, Nebraska, the city marshal gets one dollar for burying a dog, while the county undertaker is only allowed ninety-five cents for burying a man.

A silver (Bland) dollar makes a satisfactory weight by which to test letters under the new rules, as it weighs within a fraction of an ounce. Two halves will answer.

The prayer cures are endorsed by the London *Lancet*, high medical authority, which looks upon them not as miracles, but as purely the effect of the mind upon the body.

Colonel Thomas Wetmore, of Livingstone, Ala., has a pointer that greedily devours broken window-glass, and a Milwaukee ice-dealer owns a horse that chews tobacco.

Every material, like every dog, must have its day, and now plush is going into disuse, except for parlor-cars and steamboat furniture. In short, it has been given over to the moths.

A Washington judge has decided that a boy who climbs a telegraph-pole to watch a game or performance within an inclosure, does not commit a trespass, and is not guilty of disorderly conduct.

The elopement of a couple, who six years ago were engaged, but quarreled and separated, and have since married others, is causing a sensation in Elizabeth, N. J., where the fleeing persons have resided.

A New York mutilator of Public Library books has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The sentence is not too severe, for no criminal has a more despicable nature than the destroyer of a free book.

Since two bold Texans, both crack shots, stood up five feet apart in a Laredo theatre and fired huge revolvers twelve times at each other without inflicting a wound, State pride in that immediate direction has fallen a good many degrees.

A bereaved Brooklyn gentleman inquired of an undertaker his usual terms for hearse and carriages. Naming the price, the undertaker added: "But we are very busy, sir, and if you expect us to walk the horses, it will cost $10 extra."

A spring overcoat was hung out of one of the windows of his apartments, about a month or so ago, by a New Yorker, who was not a little surprised to find on examining it the other day that a sparrow had made its nest in one of the pockets.

A fire originating curiously occurred the other night in Crawfordsville, Ga. A clock-cord broke, letting the weight fall upon and ignite a box of matches lying in the bottom of the clock-case. The family were all asleep at the time, and the house was nearly burned.

At Tlalpam, Mexico, recently, a young man named Antonio Gomez buried his 16-year-old wife alive, at the instigation of a "wizard" named Palma. The "wizard" has been sentenced to death by hanging, while the husband, as a minor, escapes with ten years imprisonment.

A pimple caused the death of a wealthy citizen of York county, S. C., recently. He had been handling a dead calf, and scratched the pimple with his finger-nail just afterwards, thus communicating poison to his blood. His features swelled beyond recognition, and he suffered so terribly that he asked to be killed.

One Conner O'Donnel, of San Francisco, the successor of Denis Kearney, of Sand Lots fame, has been preaching an anti-Chinese Crusade with such rigor that one of his hearers took him at his word, went and burned down the dwelling of one of the obnoxious heathens, and straightway was sent to the State Prison for twenty years.

BY-AND-BY.

BY C. D.

The repetition of one little word,
As short as any which our language claims,
Makes up as fateful phrase as e'er is heard,
And murders at their birth our noblest aims.

It is the offspring of the thief of time,
And, like to-morrow, never shows its face;
It is the parent of full many a crime;
The watchword of the sluggard in life's race.

'Tis hard to own that we procrastinate,
And yet we do; I write it with a sigh:
Then come those other fearful words, "Too late!"
And never after that comes, "By-and-by."

Who knows a noble deed or action done
In that inglorious time of "By-and-by?"
Who has a guerdon or a victory won?
He lives not underneath the starry sky.

Forget the words, and put them far away
From every thought of earnest hopeful work:
Use in their stead, "At once," "Now," and "To-day,"
And from a present duty never shirk.

There is a "By-and-by," not of this world,
But far beyond our earthly vision's scope:
And when, the voyage o'er and sails are furled,
We all may see it through our faith and hope.

A Modern Medea.

BY E. PEYTON WARD.

HILDA Trevor was not a pleasant looking woman. I say "woman," because, though I am reluctantly obliged to admit that she must have once been a girl, so little of the girl remained that, had anybody told me she was born at the age of thirty, I should have found little difficulty in believing it.

There was something hard and unapproachable in everything about her. She was hard from her straight brows and massive chin, down to the points of her pointed boots, which shone as if tipped with some metal.

When she was annoyed, an ugly scowl would spread over her face—and what a scowl! She seemed in a moment to become another being—her eyes glared, lines sprang up which age never made, and her lips, which were naturally rather full and passionate, drew tightly together until they became livid.

For several seconds she would remain motionless and stony, and I feel sure that had a steel been drawn across her clenched hand, it would have made the sparks fly; the next moment she was herself again. I only saw her once under the influence of one of her silent furious fits of temper, and I hope I may never see its like again.

When I say that she took much notice of me, I am only speaking the truth, however much it may hurt my feelings. So if I venture to tell you how it was that I saw her in her terrible wrath, she will never recognize my hand in it.

I do not want you to think that she was plain or wanting in attraction; on the contrary, she was rather good-looking. She had magnificent eyes, well-cut features, well-shaped hands, and a fine figure.

She was essentially what is called a "fine woman," and a few people would pass her without taking a glance at her. In fact, she had been a beauty, and a very haughty beauty too, I expect.

Not the sort of beauty to caress and say pretty things to, but one to put on a pedestal and admire from a distance.

While thanking Providence she did not belong to you, I suppose she often thought of that "had been," with its lost opportunities, which perhaps accounted for her expression in repose, being a mixture of disappointment and defiance.

She had lately begun to realize that the many offers she had scornfully declined long ago did not prevent her from growing old, and the thought of it, while making her uneasy, and at times, desperate, did not tend to improve either her temper or her appearance.

Now, that men, from constant snubbing, kept away from her, she did all she could in the unbending way natural to her to attract them; need I say, with little success. She got her father, with whom she lived alone, to give party after party; but nothing came of them: men ate his dinners, drank his wines, were coldly polite to her, and that was all.

It was in vain she adopted the most fashionable and juvenile attire, beginning to admit, with reluctance, the power of such things over the masculine heart; she even put on a *soupçon* of rouge ("I'm getting so pale," she said to herself, in excuse); but as yet there had not been the semblance of an aspirant.

She was much too independent to require a maid to accompany her in her walks; but as she was going along the Brompton Road one afternoon, she began wondering whether such a protection would not in some measure assist in giving her a more youthful appearance.

You see her mind was constantly occupied with the same subject; and, in her desperate state, she was not a woman to neglect so trivial a matter. She was thinking the question over with all the gravity due to its importance, when she became aware of a man of very attractive exterior walking towards her.

As soon as he saw her something unusual seemed to strike him, for his face lighted up—it looked all the better for that—he threw away his cigar, slackened his pace, and stared at her with evident pleasure, though in no rude or obtrusive manner.

As he passed her she thought he said something which sounded like "Eureka," but that was absurd, she afterwards admitted, "because there is no such word, you know," she said to a friend to whom she related the episode. "Of course not, dear," was the sapient rejoinder, "you must have been mistaken."

Men often looked at her in the street; but there was something unusual in this man, and she couldn't have said why; but she stopped in front of a shop window, and took a glance in the direction he had gone, with those eyes, which women are credited with having in the back of their heads.

To her surprise she saw him also standing at a window; but having eyes, fine though they were, only on each side of his nose, he was using those on her with all the fixity of which they were capable.

Thinking it a mere coincidence, she walked on, only to find the interesting stranger again near her, and again devouring her with his brilliant optics.

He followed her until she reached Albert Gate, where he crossed the road hurriedly, came back in front of her, and then passed her slowly, gazing earnestly, almost sternly, at her as long as he decently could.

"Why, that's the very thing," he said, as he went into the park. "What a piece of luck. Now a'l I want is an opportunity, and I'll make one, or my name isn't Jack Marsden, and my idea will be realized. Splendid, by Jove!"

A few years before Hilda would have been very indignant, no one more so, at the very idea of a man following her; but now, as she went home, she was rather pleased than otherwise.

"He was certainly very good-looking and evidently a gentleman," she thought, as she sat working at a very stiff piece of embroidery all over gold lace and beads.

I am sorry to have to record that after sleeping rather badly, she deliberately went into the Brompton Road the next afternoon at the same hour.

I don't say she had any hope of meeting her unknown admirer, but it looked uncommonly like it when I tell you that she had forgotten all about the idea of taking her maid out with her, and worse still that it was not long before the fair-haired gentleman with the long moustache came sauntering along.

Their eyes met, and Hilda felt herself actually blushing (not a common failing with her, by any means).

He, however, seemed quite unmoved, and only stared at her in the searching manner which had so struck her before. His indifference piqued her, and the beginning of one of her scowls I have told you about just showed itself and disappeared.

He must have seen the little cloud; he was staring so, he couldn't have helped it: but far from disconcerting him, it seemed to act as a stimulus, for he looked at her more pleased than ever, and carefully went through the same manœuvres as the day before, not omitting to come full on her at Albert Gate.

Hilda was puzzled, and no wonder; the man was certainly very odd. When she got home her puzzled expression was so apparent that meeting her father in the hall he at once said,

"Well, Hilda, has somebody been asking you a conundrum, or is the momentous question of what to wear to night still unanswered?"

I am afraid Hilda was so full of what had just happened, that when her father spoke to her, she only half heard what he said, and answered as if he must know all about it, for she said, rather angrily,

"No, what I wear is of no consequence now. He won't——"

Then she stopped and ran upstairs.

Mr. Trevor seemed surprised, as well he might, at the irrelevancy of her remark; but being a somewhat indifferent man he soon forgot all about his question and its unfinished answer.

Miss Trevor was scarlet when she got to her room, not so much at the thought of this man's marked admiration (what else could he be following her for), but rather because she had so nearly behaved like a girl in her teens before her father, who would only have laughed at her, and poohpoohed the notion of the man having noticed her at all, except in her own imagination; besides, she was not in the habit of making a confidant of her father.

It was long since any man had cared for the society of Hilda Trevor, and though, of course, she still did her best to try and please those who came to her father's house, she did so with considerable weariness, feeling every day how useless it was.

Therefore, you must make some allowance for her, when I say that this man was very much in her thoughts as she dressed herself with more than usual care for the ball she was going to that evening; just as if she knew he would be there, when, after all, nothing was more unlikely.

As she took a last look at herself in the glass, she said, "I think I look very well to-night—for an old maid," she added, with a bitter smile.

And she did look very well, for I saw her. The rouge was well, not too well, managed, and far from looking old-maidish, she gave me the idea of a very handsome woman.

I have noticed when women proclaim, not only to themselves, but openly, that they intend to be old maids, you may take it for granted that they have strong hopes of somebody proposing to them, whom they intend to accept unconditionally; and the fact that Hilda made that remark to her looking-glass, and shortly afterwards to her father, only goes to strengthen my observation.

She started for the ball in very good spirits, in spite of feeling that she would probably shine only in the capacity of a wall-flower, for she was much above dancing with Tom, Dick and Harry.

Towards midnight she had been sitting out long enough to make her look sullen and unapproachable.

Every now and then her glance wandered towards the door, as if she expected somebody; but all she saw was the usual half-dozen unhappy-looking men, who are always to be seen, leaning against the walls at the doorway of a ball-room, getting in everybody's way, and with difficulty keeping from yawning.

Why don't they go to bed, if they neither want to dance or speak to anybody, instead of wearing out the back of their coats, and depriving themselves of that rest which they seem so much to require.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, though she could scarcely believe what she saw, and was half-inclined to think it was the result of thinking too much of her late adventure. For there was her unknown friend among the melancholy band, staring at her as if he meant to take a mental photograph of her.

But, though he stared as usual, he made no effort to get introduced to her, which she expected and hoped, or even to move away from where she first saw him.

Hilda could not very well make any advances, so she was obliged to wait, as patiently as she could, for events to develope.

Of course, to add to her vexation (why was he so shy? he didn't look as if afflicted with that obsolete virtue) several men, emboldened by her sweet expression, perhaps, now came and asked for a dance: men of the kind every women knows—thick-skinned and incapable of seeing that they are unwelcome, and who always want to snap up those dances which she is keeping for her particular friends.

Seeing how engrossed she was in this man, it is not surprising that she refused them one and all with little ceremony, fearing that, is she gave one dance away, it might be the very one he would want.

Two or three times the ominous scowl was produced for the benefit of the more importunate of them, no one of which escaped Jack: and the angrier she got, the more interested did he seem to be in his observation.

When the last of her white-tied persecutors had been successfully frowned away, you may imagine Hilda's feelings when she saw her hero quietly walk off.

He did not come back either; so still more puzzled, and for the first time rather disappointed in him, she hastened to find her father, and insisted on going home at once.

"Well, Hilda; enjoyed yourself?" said Mr. Trevor, who had been holding excellent hands at whist, and was in good humor in consequence.

Miss Trevor was seriously put out, for all she replied was, "No, bored rather more than usual," and then, pretended to go to sleep. But she was still thinking of her mysterious friend, and wondering who he could be.

The more she thought of him, the more inclined she was to conclude that the whole thing was a myth, and that the man, whose behavior was so strange, only existed in her imagination; for, after all, she had never seen him speak to, or appear to know, anybody.

It was rather a shock to her to admit that she must have seen a vision, and that, too, in the shape of a handsome man.

Still, as a week went by, and neither in Brompton Road nor anywhere else did she see a sign of him, she made up her mind that he must have been the result of a disordered digestion, now, happily, itself again.

However, the disorder returned, and under such exceptional circumstances, that she was obliged to acknowledge that he was flesh and blood; and very glad she was to do it, too.

It was about a fortnight since the ball, and Hilda was having one at her own house. It was one of the best in her circle (Mr. Trevor did those sort of things well), and the rooms were crowded with pretty women and irreproachably-dressed men.

Hilda was taking a well-earned rest after her exertions as hostess, in the company of a friend, with whom she was quarrelling with all the vigor of a really old friendship. Suddenly she turned very pale, and looked quite frightened.

"What's up, Hilda?" said Spencer, her friend, in the elegant phraseology of the nineteenth century.

"Oh, nothing. I suppose the heat—I'm rather tired—go away till I call you—and get me a glass of water first. I shall be all right in a minute."

You will have guessed the cause of Hilda's paleness and sudden fright. There he was! That mysterious man, standing at the door in the same attitude, staring silently at her, and in her own house, too. This was too much. Still, she felt she must do something to clear up this mystery, so she called back Spencer to give her time to think. By a supreme effort she forced herself to talk on trivial subjects for a few minutes, and then, as if *apropos* of nothing, she said—

"I never knew I was short-sighted, or perhaps with age I am getting blind, but I can't see across the room very well. Who is that fair man standing against the wall by the door?"

"By Jove!" replied Spencer, "it's Jack Marsden. I didn't know you knew him."

"I don't," said Hilda, greatly relieved to find he really was alive after all. "I wonder how he got here?"

"Oh, I suppose somebody brought him; people have such cheek about that sort of think—think nothing of bringing half-a-dozen fellows to one's house, and girls to dance with them too. But Jack's a capital chap—old friend of mine—artist you know—shall I introduce you to him," and he half rose.

Hilda had no intention of letting Spencer know under what peculiar circumstances she had already seen his friend, but it was with difficulty that she hid the satisfaction she felt at the information he had given her.

"Very well," she said, with well-feigned indifference, "you can introduce him; he does look rather nice, now I have had a look at him."

Jack was presently brought up, and formally introduced; though, as usual, neither heart the other's name. He did not ask her to dance; but, sitting down in Spencer's vacant seat, laughingly referred to having seen her before, at which she blushed nicely, and admitted some dim recollection of him somewhere—Ascot or Lord's," she naively suggested.

Jack utterly ignored this transparent fiction.

"I'm afraid you must have thought me awfully rude; but I rather stare at everybody, so of course I would at you." (The "you" emphasised in Jack's best manner.)

"Didn't I see you at the Mathews'?" she said, presently. "I thought I recognised you in the crowd, but I am not sure," she added, still clinging to her obviously useless fiction in the fear of letting him know she had looked at nobody else.

"Yes, I saw you; but I was afraid of you, you looked so charmingly angry, and at last you frightened me away, as you did the other men, who, bolder than myself, actually tried to tempt you to dance."

In spite of this unpromising beginning, Jack managed to make himself uncommonly agreeable, as he always could when he had an object in view.

Before they parted they were the best friends imaginable, and Jack made their farewell quite an affecting little affair.

Soon after Jack dined with Mr. Trevor, which led naturally to an intimacy between Hilda and himself, which seemed mutually agreeable.

He told her how he first began painting, his early struggles, and enlarged, with all the egotism of an artist, on his method and its advantages. He amused her by telling her, in the happiest way, his many adventures when in search of those situations which should be, as nearly as possible, identical with the subject he was painting.

I won't yield to the temptation of becoming prolix by detailing how they went everywhere, and how everybody was talking of Marsden's infatuation me that queer Miss Trevor.

Suffice it to say that Jack really seemed smitten with Hilda, and as for Hilda, one scarcely ever saw her scowl now, and in her own heart she hoped everything from the devotion of her new friend.

But though he was always at her side at the various entertainments at which they always managed to meet, he had not said a word which could be tortured into anything approaching the serious and matrimonial.

Persiflage formed the staple of their conversation, and he seemed to take a never-ending pleasure in saying those little nothings most calculated to pique her, and at times make her positively angry. Still, he always seemed so penitent, Hilda possessed her soul in patience and waited.

One evening they were sitting together as usual, at a small soiree, and Jack was evidently indulging himself in his favorite amusement, for Hilda's scowl was on the point of appearing more than once.

Spencer, who was also there, walked up to shake hands with both of them, when Marsden, who had hardly said a word for some time, suddenly got up as if he had come to a serious resolution.

He went straight up to a particularly pretty woman, who was surrounded by a number of gentlemen, and who was making herself very charming to them all, to judge by their pleased expressions.

As soon as Marsden joined them, however, she put her arm in his, and they walked a little nearer Hilda, talking in low tones. Spencer just then passed them on his way to the door, when Marsden stopped him and whispered, "Go tell Hilda who this is. She's sure to ask you, and I have a particular reason for her knowing it now."

Nobody could refuse Jack, and Spencer went back to Hilda, who had been watching these manœuvres with growing surprise.

The moment Spencer had gone on his unpleasant mission, Marsden disappeared, or rather went, and placed himself where he could see Hilda's face without being seen himself.

As he had anticipated, it was not long before Hilda, vainly trying to appear indifferent, asked who the lady was Marsden had just left.

"Don't you know? Why, that's his wife," said Spencer, as if he were saying the most unimportant thing in the world.

"It's a lie, and you know it is," retorted Hilda in a low, angry hiss, utterly forgetting herself in the suddenness of the revelation.

Spencer was naturally taken aback at the vehemence of this unladylike remark, but immediately understanding the state of affairs, and being a prudent man, he ignored her violence, and merely replied that there was no doubt of it, and that he had known her a long time; and was going to enlarge on her many attractions (surely a want of tact after beginning so well) when the sight of Hilda's face stopped him, as if he had been shot.

Despair, hate, and impotent rage crossed her face like black shadows; in an instant she became livid, her teeth clinched like a vice, and the scowl spread over her face till she looked like a chained devil. She seemed turned to stone, except that her

eyes glared in the most horrible manner, and there was murder, nothing short of it in the fierce look which she fixed on the unconscious Mrs. Marspen. It was all done in a moment, and when Mr. Trevor came up to say he had seen Marsden hurrying out with a muttered "important telegram," all he noticed was the paleness of Hilda's face.

"Let's go home, papa," she said, in a broken voice, "I don't know what is the matter with me, but I feel awfully ill."

I will pass over the paroxysms of rage that poor Hilda went through during the next week, while she obstinately refused to leave her room, or even speak to anybody.

One day when she seemed calmer, and as it were exhausted by the relentless bitterness of her thoughts, she was idly looking over, without reading, one of the "Society Papers," when the following paragraph arrested her attention:—

"Mr. Marsden, whose mythological pictures are so eagerly looked for at Burlington House, has, we hear, another work, very vigorously treated, almost ready to submit to the Iangers. His method is original, and ordinary models fail to inspire him. He never really sets to work until he has not only imagined his picture, but actually seen, in real life, the play of those passions which he wishes to portray; and it is well known that he is not even scrupulous in carrying out his system. His subject this year is Medea and Creusa, and it is only quite lately that he has succeeded, no one knows how, in forming for himself the sort of situation which the story requires, and which is essential to his method. Those who have had the privilege of seeing his picture, pronounce the Medea 'terribly real,' which is, of course, the highest praise."

The paper dropped from her hands. Hilda understood it all now.

"The coward!" she said, springing up. "But I'll be revenged," and then she burst into tears.

In a Dense Fog.

BY JOHN GRAY.

"GOOD evening, Miss Seton!"

"Good evening, Miss Dade," said Hene Seton, hanging her hat on its accustomed peg, and divesting herself of her closely-fitting jacket.

The first speaker, who had come swiftly into the dressing-room with a glass of water in her hand, stood still, watching her from under her shock of gray hair, and then said, with an odd smile:

"Another new student!"

"Is there?" said Hene, indifferently, as she put on a business-like apron.

"Yes; and he has taken your place."

"Oh, Miss Dade, that is too bad! Why did you let him?"

"He was there before I came. Wait till I get some fresh water. I want to see you dislodge him."

Hene Seton did not see the force of this last suggestion. She left Miss Dade rinsing her glass, and hurried away.

There were only four students already in the room when she entered. One of these was a stranger—a young man of five-and-twenty or so, tall, with crisp dark hair, and short dark beard. To her dismay she saw that he had placed his easel exactly where her marks, chalked on the floor showed that hers should stand, and that he was already embarked in a drawing from the very cast on which she was at present engaged.

She fetched from a corner an easel bearing the initials H. S., and without hesitation came up behind him to say:

"I beg your pardon, but I am afraid I must ask you to move."

He neither turned his head nor made any reply.

At this Miss Seton looked embarrassed, for Miss Dade and three other students were watching the proceedings. However, she tried again a little louder.

"Excuse me, but this is my place."

She had moved a little forward, and now he raised his head and showed a pair of rather sad-looking eyes, under eyebrows drawn together more by habit than by nature.

He looked from her to the easel, and colored deeply.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked. "I beg your pardon! Oh! I see. This is where you sit," and he rose hastily.

"Perhaps," she began, looking with compunction at his sketch, "if you were to sit behind me you would have nearly the same view."

Again he colored, and as soon as he had moved his belongings out of her way, said, in a low voice:

"I have the misfortune to be perfectly deaf."

"Oh! I am so sorry," she said, involuntarily; and then recollecting that the words were wasted, gave him a half-confused but pitying glance, and then set herself to her work.

She was a daily governess, but had so much talent for drawing that she felt sure, with a certain amount of instruction, she could make a better income by giving drawing-lessons and selling her paintings than she could succeed in doing at present; therefore she attended these evening-classes at an art school, and was the most diligent of students.

First one and then another came in, until about twenty were at work in the room. There was much talking in an undertone, and, as a general rule, very little work.

Then the master entered, and went round from one to another with words of correction and advice. His deep, subdued voice ceased as he came to the new student, for he was already acquainted with his misfortune.

He took the piece of drawing-charcoal from the young man's hand, and made a few alterations; then he turned from him to say:

"Mr. Chapman, I wish you would look after this student, Mr. Reid, and give him a little assistance when you can. My hands are too full for me to spend long over him. He is deaf, you see."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Chapman—a slight, smooth-shaven fellow, who, on the strength of superior talent, took the position of a kind of pupil teacher.

The master being gone, Mr. Chapman came up behind Hene Seton.

"Very well indeed," he said, in a tone of commendation. "You will do, Miss Seton, if you go on as fast as this. Allow me to sit down, and I think I can—improve—this. Your crayon—thanks."

Hene watched him touching on her drawing in silence, her golden-brown eyes a little troubled, and her hand nervously playing with her apron. She had known of late that Mark Chapman singled her out and bestowed upon her only a double quantity of his unwelcome assistance.

In handing her back her pencil he would contrive to touch her hand, or in taking it would absently take her fingers as well. Or he would draw her by the arm to a better position for viewing his improving touches on the work.

"Rather awkward, that new fellow," he said, in a confidential tone, as he rose from her chair. "I don't know what to do with him. Rather clever of old Brooks to put him off on to me. What does he come here for, if he can't hear, I should like to know?"

"It must be very dreadful," said Hene, shortly, and resumed her seat.

"Dreadful for me," said Chapman, leaning on the back of her chair. "Do you know what I am at work on to-night, Miss Seton?"

"Nothing, I should think," she said, busily plying her pencil.

"Now, that's cruel. I have been drawing you in profile."

She made no remark on this, and after waiting a minute or two, he moved away.

The deaf student, Gordon Reid, had paused to look on at what passed between these two, trying to guess the purport of their remarks, but in vain.

The next night he was there again—in short, he was as regular in his attendance as Hene herself. Mark Chapman had taken a dislike to him, which was fully returned, and used to amuse himself and certain of the most maliciously disposed by the way in which he assisted him.

"Look here, you great duffer!" he would say, showing Reid his meaning with the pencil, "you are giving the Venus a biceps that would do honor to a gladiator! Too tall! Because you're about three yards long, you need not make her the same! What do you come here for? You'll never draw, if you live to a hundred!"

On one occasion, after some such speech, Reid saw the smile that went round at his expense. He turned white with anger, and was about to speak, when he saw that Hene Seton had turned round and was confronting Mark Chapman with flashing eyes.

"If Mr. Chapman is so unmanly as to turn another's trouble into ridicule, I should have thought you others would have enough good feeling to take no notice!" she said, indignantly.

She went on with her work the next minute, half ashamed of having spoken out so plainly.

One or two of the others put in a word or two, and Chapman saw fit to leave early.

When Hene was putting together her pencils and drawing for departure she found Gordon Reid at her side.

"Thank you, Miss Seton," he said, his dark eyes bent on her face with an expression that made her cheeks burn; "I would give a great deal to know what you said. My loss never seemed so great before."

It was useless to speak. She could but give him a glance for reply; but what word could have said more than those wet lashes.

He was about to say something more, when the attendant came in to turn out the lights. Contenting himself, therefore, with a "Good evening," he left her.

But that was the beginning of an acquaintance, the growth of which the young governess was too independent and unconventional to check.

Almost every evening she found him near her for a few minutes in the intervals of work.

He told her how he was situated—that he had, through the loss of hearing, been compelled to relinquish the post he held of secretary to a public company: and that the only career in which this loss would be no impediment to success seeming to be that of an artist, he was now devoting all his time to the study of drawing.

By-and-by, too, she learned how disheartened he was at the comparison of his work with that of the other students; and being herself no mean artist, would strive to encourage, and even help him, as far as she could.

Since Gordon Reid's advent Mr. Chapman had been less marked in his attentions; but she knew that he watched her with a despondent and gloomy air, and guessed that only Reid's vicinity relieved her for the time from his persecutions.

But an evening arrived before very long when Hene's first look round failed to show her the figure of her friend.

He was not there, that was plain, and did not appear at all that evening. Hene left with a dull sense of something wanting, and feeling more tired than usual.

She had an uneasy conviction, too, that someone was following her at a distance; and when she turned round at her own door to look back, she undoubtedly saw a dark figure vanish round the corner of the street.

On the next night he was again absent, and again she felt sure she was followed. She was used to going here and there alone, but yet, once convinced that her fancy was correct, she grew rather nervous, and almost shrank from the solitary walk home.

But after four or five times the dark figure came no more.

In these days Hene discovered how strong a hold her pity for poor Gordon Reid had taken upon her. He was seldom out of her mind; and she tormented herself by imagining ever fearful thing that could have happened to him to account for his continued absence.

He had never expressed any intention of giving up attendance at the classes—had rather seemed to intimate that his studies there would be of long duration. As the days passed into weeks she became more and more sure that he had met with some mischance.

It was more than a month since she had seen him, when one night, on entering the room when she worked earlier than usual, she became aware of his familiar figure seated before his easel and his back towards her. As yet no one else had arrived.

She stood still in the doorway, astonished at her own agitation—even ashamed of it; and yet so thankful that she could have cried for joy. However, she quickly recovered her composure, and stepped forward unseen to pause a little distance behind his chair.

Looking with critical eyes at his drawing, she sighed heavily.

"Poor fellow!" she said, softly, "he will never be an artist! Oh, Gordon! how I wish I could help you! What wouldn't I do for you?"

She passed him to go to her place, and then catching his eye, turned back to laugh and nod her "Good evening." His face wore an unusual expression, one whose meaning she could not fathom, as he replied.

Presently Miss Dade came in and sauntered to her side.

"How bright you look to-night, Miss Seton! One would think it was because your *protege* has come back," she said, with a smile that turned the corners of her lips in a downward direction. "You have looked so pale and severe lately."

"Have I? I did not know."

"You have been so solemn, that your devoted cavalier, Mr. Chapman, has forsaken you for Miss Johnson," and Miss Dade put her head on one side and looked meditatively at Hene's loose, waving masses of dark hair.

"That is a comfort!" said Hene, laughing. "I hope Miss Johnson likes him."

Miss Dade strolled to her own corner on the oppsite side of the room. As soon as she was gone came a voice from behind—that of Gordon Reid.

"Miss Seton!"

She turned round an attentive face.

"I am going to give it up—the drawing. I hate it!"

Her eyes expressed her astonishment.

"You are surprised; but how can you wonder," he went on. "I see you, a mere girl—years younger than I—do what I cannot! You study in the evenings only; while my working day and night leaves me far below you. I no not believe I shall ever be far enough advanced even to give lessons!"

Hene raised her eyebrows with a look of surprise and dismay.

"I shall come for a few more times, just to finish this, and that will be the end of my artistic efforts,"

He looked so very cheerful over it that she felt half angry. It seemed she had been wasting her compassion. And how easily he could give up this pleasant intercourse, that had been to her at least so very sweet!

She turned back hastily to her work, so that he might not see her disappointment, and all was silent.

When the two hours were over, and she emerged into the gas-lit street, she found him just outside the door.

"May I see you home, Miss Seton? It is so foggy for you to walk alone."

A moment's hesitation, and she had given a sign of assent.

They walked for some little distance in silence; but when they turned out of the bustle and noise of vehicles into a quiet square, Gordon Reid spoke:

"I have to beg your pardon, Miss Seton, for a little piece of deception. I can hear perfectly well!"

Hene drew back from with a low exclamation.

"I was afraid you would be a little hurt; but I could not resist the temptation. It was so——"

She interrupted him with a gesture of disgust.

"You can hear? You have never been deaf?"

"Great Heaven! yes. Don't misjudge me to that extent. But I have undergone an operation since I saw you last, and, thank Heaven! I feel that I am a man again."

"But to-night—you let me stand beside you, and say—Oh!" and her cheeks burned with the recollection. "Leave me! No; I will not listen! You need come no farther;" and she hurried on at a swift pace.

However, he was beside her with a few quick strides.

"You must—you shall hear me!" he said, his voice low and determined.

"I will not!" and she still hurried on.

"I tell you you shall!" he exclaimed, angrily, and laid his hand firmly on her arm. She tore it away, and before he was aware of her intention was speeding down a side street.

Again he overtook her, and this time caught her hand, and held it in a grasp from which she could not free it.

"Miss Seton—Hene," he said, passionately, "what has come over you? Are you mad?"

"Let me go," she panted. "This is unmanly. Loose my hand, or I will call for help!"

"Call then; what do I care! Miss Seton, if you will not listen to me now, you will never see me again. There! you are free. If you care nothing for me, go and leave me. I'll trouble you no more."

"You coward!" she returned, indignantly. "You think you can frighten me into hearing you."

She walked swiftly and firmly away; but in two minutes he was once more by her side.

"I was wrong," he said, hurriedly. "I had no right to speak to you like that. Stop! You will lose yourself in this fog. Look round you. Do you know where you are?"

A quick glance from one side to the other was enough to show her that the street was unfamiliar. In her haste she had not looked to see where she was till it was impossible to see any distance. She stood still.

"You cannot call a cab, for there are none near," said Reid, more calmly. "You must either trust to me, or try to find your way back, with me following, for I dare not leave you wandering by yourself."

I have no doubt I can find my way," she said, coldly.

"As you like. If you cannot trust me, pray lead on."

Hene took a few steps, and then turned towards him.

"I give up. I have not the faintest idea where we are."

A silence ensued, which he was the first to break.

"I know I lost my temper just now, Miss Seton. My only excuse is that I was so cruelly disappointed. You were always so good to me—so gentle and sympathetic when I was deprived of half the enjoyment of life—that I was foolish enough to fancy you would rejoice with me too. Instead of that, you have taken away the greater part of the pleasure I felt. My first thought, when I heard that cure was possible, was that I should be able to hear your voice. May I go on?"

"I have no choice but to listen," said Hene, coldly.

"You are very severe, but perhaps I deserve it. I will say no more."

There was another pause, and then he said:

"This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of escorting you home."

"I do not understand you."

"For the first few nights after I left off attending the art school I saw you safely to your door. Afterwards I could not,"

"Why did you leave off attending?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Because I felt that I could not stay near you without trying to win your love; and that would not have been fair to you."

Hene stole a look at him. He was evidently agitated.

"I beg your pardon," she said gently.

He instantly stopped, for they were now almost at her door, and took one of her hands again.

"It was a hard fight, Hene. You were the first who had taken the trouble to try and talk to me. And to-night I thought I would hear your sweet voice before you knew the truth. I thought you would forgive me. Was I mistaken? I did not come back until I had obtained a post similar to what I held before—till I could ask you something; and now I have offended you."

He slowly let go her fingers. They stood there in the dense fog, each waiting for the other to speak.

Then with a sudden movement Hene slipped both her hands into his.

"Tell me that something," she said, "I should like to hear it."

A Tale that is Told.

BY S. W.

THE story of a life! Has it ever been faithfully recorded? The outward pleasures and troubles, the visible successes and failures, these may be duly chronicled; but was ever a pen found capable of tracing the throbbings of the heart, the longings of the soul, the inner conflict, with its secret victories and defeats, the pleasures of hope, the terror or fear, or the agonizing anguish of despair?

Sitting to-night by my lonely fireside, all the hot ardor of youth departed and gone with the friends of that time, I fold my ringless hands on my lap, and dream of the days that are no more.

Forty years have glided by since that bright summer evening; but I can still see myself, as if it were some other person, standing in the rose-covered doorway, anxiously watching the bend of the road; for my father has gone to the station to meet my only sister, who has, for the last two years, been at a school in Paris.

I have not once seen her during that time, and am totally unprepared for the marvel of beauty, who, lightly stepping from the chaise, greets me enthusiastically as "dear old Nell!"

Ivy was always a pretty child; but now she is a lovely maiden, fair as a lily, lithe as a sylph, sweet and fascinating as a siren. Lively and bright she is, too, chatting gaily all the way to her room; and arrived

there, placing me in a chair, she kneels down before me, and putting her little hands one on either side of my face, she says, "Papa whispered me a secret about you, Nellie; is it true?"

"Yes, dear; it is true," I answer, thankful that her hands partially hide my blushes; for my engagement to Arthur Grey, though six months old, is still too precious a thing to be spoken of lightly.

"Let me see," went on Ivy, in her soft, musical tones, smooth and flowing as a Frenchwoman's; "were not those the Greys who took the Hall just before I left Lilbourne? Ah, what a petite I was then—a mere baby! But, I have come back to you a grown woman, Nellie; anxiously eager for a lover of my own."

The evening was spent in talking over old times, recounting changes that had taken place, and looking forward to new pleasures in the future; and Ivy saw my lovers. He walked from church with us; had luncheon at the Vicarage; and when the afternoon service was over, insisted upon taking us up to the Hall. After dinner we three went out into the garden, and lay upon the grassy banks of the river, Arthur reading to us the while from "Paradise Lost."

Ivy rested her golden head on my lap, and, unseen by any eyes, Arthur's hand wandered till it found mine, which it at once covered in its strong, protective grasp.

When we reached home I waited anxiously for Ivy's opinion of my lover, which she gave unasked.

"He is charming!" she said. "I could find it in my heart to envy you, Nellie. He is the very handsomest man I have ever seen!"

"And the truest and best!" I whisper, as I lay my head down on my pillow, to continue in dreams the happiness of the day.

Before the next Sunday the Vicarage was empty, and Ivy and I were orphans.

When Arthur had asked my father's consent to our engagement, it had been given on the express condition that we should not be married until I had completed my twenty-first year, for he said that a girl hardly knew her own mind until that age.

When, without sign or warning, he was taken from us, I resolved to keep to my promise; and for the intervening year I went with Ivy to live with a sister of our father, whom we had never seen.

She was the wife of a struggling solicitor, living in the Clapham Road, and had five young children of her own.

She received us kindly, but as if she felt a great responsibility in undertaking the charge of two grown-up young ladies, whose previous lives in a pretty country vicarage might have unfitted them for the dull, monotonous routine of a middle-class house in a London suburb.

After a few days, Ivy and I decided that we must try in some way, at least partially, to earn our own living; for we saw only too plainly that our aunt could ill afford the additional expense which we must be to her.

Walking one day in Kennington Park, we came to this decision; and then arose the question, What could we do?

Just then a well-known figure passed across the end of the gravel-path we were walking, and merely saying, hurriedly, "Nellie, there is Arthur Grey!" Ivy darted in pursuit of the retreating figure, and in a moment returned with my lover at her side.

"Nellie would have let you go by," she said; "and then what would have happened?"

"I should have had to go back to your aunt, who sent me here after you, and to have begged her permission to await your return there."

After walking for an hour through some of the most secluded walks of the Park, during which time Ivy and Arthur had most of the conversation to themselves—my happiness being too great to allow of speech—we turned our steps homeward. My aunt requested Arthur to stay to tea, which he did; and when he left, promised to call again next time he was in London.

That night, when we retired to our room Ivy was not so talkative as usual; but before we lay down she put her arms round my neck, and, leaning her cheek against mine, she said, dreamily, "Nellie, I wonder, if he had seen me before, which of us he would have chosen?"

I stroked her soft cheek with my hand, drawing her nearer to me as I did so; and wondering why such a precious gift had been bestowed upon me, who seemed so little worth it.

Time went on, and every second or third day brought me a letter from Arthur.

My aunt and I agreed that it would be better that Ivy should undertake the education of our little cousin, thus saving the expense of their schooling; and I soon obtained a situation as daily governess to a family living in the South Lambeth Road.

I also procured some additional pupils for music and singing in the evenings.

I was very busy, but very happy; all my labours were lightened by the prospect of the bright future in store for me, through all the dreary monotony of teaching ran a vein of unalloyed happiness, beneath the mechanical routine of my daily life swelled an under-current of bliss, and while my head and hands were at work, my heart was continually singing a song of grateful joy.

But now and then came a little disappointment. Arthur had called while I was out; he had waited a long time, but was at last obliged to go without seeing me.

Three or four times this had happened, but at length there came a happy day returning earlier than usual, and having no evening lessons, I found Arthur in the little sitting-room, and Ivy making his tea.

They hardly noticed my entrance so merrily were they talking; but in a moment Arthur came towards me, and drew me to the window to see how I looked.

"Nellie, you are working too hard," he said. "You are getting quite thin and pale. Give up these evening lessons; the daytime is quite long enough for work."

Ah! he knew not that the produce of the evening's work was all I had to rely upon for the purchase of all those little things which girls so love to collect against their marriage!

Arthur sat down again to his tea, Ivy waiting upon him as before, and insisting that I should join him in the meal. They both seemed quieted by my presence, and in a short time Ivy slipped away, and left us alone.

The first time for two whole long months that we had been quite alone together! He held out his hand to me, and there was more than love, there was what seemed to me a kind of yearning pity, in his eyes as he fixed them on me.

I went over to him, and knelt by his side, laying my head on his shoulder, and feeling that this was worth waiting for through all those long weary weeks.

I felt that no words were needed to enhance the intense pleasure of the moment.

But presently Arthur broke the silence, and these were his first words:

"What a lovely creature your sister is, Nellie?"

"Yes, Arthur; she is very lovely," I answer. "Who would ever take us for sisters?"

And then came the sound of Ivy's voice, singing, as she drew near, in order to let us know she was coming. I rose from my knees, and sat down in the arm-chair, while Ivy entered, and seated herself beside Arthur on the sofa.

Conversation commenced again, and brightly and merrily the evening glided by. I talked but little; it was pleasure enough to me to see them before my eyes—the two I loved best in the world—to listen to the rich, deep voice of the one, and the sweet, silvery tones of the other.

Was I not jealous, do you ask? True love knows not what jealousy means. It trusts blindly and implicitly in its object, doubting neither actions nor motives, annoyed by no petty anxieties, worried by no needless wonderings. In the strong fortress of simple, loving faith, it dwells secure and safe, and would as soon think of doubting its own identity as the stability of the idol it has made for itself.

"Are you staying in London for any length of time?" asked Ivy, presently.

"Till the end of this week," Arthur answered. "May I call again before I return to Lilbourne?" he added, turning towards me as he spoke.

And then I remembered, what the pleasure of seeing Arthur had temporarily driven from my mind, that Miss Lester, an elder sister of my pupils, had told me that the Sunday-school at which she taught gave its annual treat the next day in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, and that Mrs. Lester hoped I would not mind taking the children there instead of working with them at home.

She had also given me two tickets, in case any of my friends might like to use them. These tickets I now produced, handing them to Ivy and Arthur, who received them like a couple of children looking forward to a day's holiday.

"Oh, how sweet of her, Nellie! I shall go at once, and ask aunt if she will excuse school for to-morrow!"

And away she went, with the prized tickets in her hand.

When Arthur left that evening, he promised to call for us at one o'clock next day—or rather, to call for Ivy, as I was to start with the Lesters.

It was nearly three o'clock before I saw them in the field on the day of the treat. I had looked round for them once or twice; but I had plenty to do in looking after my own little charges, and in helping Miss Lester amuse her scholars.

Even at the tea-table I found myself at the opposite side of the room to where Arthur and Ivy sat together; but I could see them from my corner, and I fancied that Arthur looked pale and worried.

"He thinks me unkind for keeping away from him," I thought.

And knowing the kindness of Mrs. Lester, whom I had already informed of my engagement, I asked if I might leave the children with their sisters for a little while as I had not been with my friends all day.

"Certainly, Miss Weston; please join them at once. To tell the truth, I thought that gentleman was your sister's lover; he seems so fond of her. Please do not trouble about your pupils any more to-night. I will take charge of them myself until nurse comes to fetch them home."

So I joined Arthur and Ivy; but my lover's face grew no brighter as I did so. He was more silent than I had ever known him, and even Ivy seemed sad to-night. But I came to the conclusion that they must both be tired, and tried my hardest to cheer them by talking of everything and nothing as we walked round the field until it was time to return home.

My aunt had provided a nice tea for us, but none of us seemed hungry; and directly Arthur left, Ivy wished to go to bed. As soon as we reached our room, she pushed the door to, and throwing herself on her knees at my feet, she put her arms round me, and burying her face in my dress, she burst into tears.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie," she cried, "I love him so madly!"

"Love him, my darling! Love whom?" I asked, laying my hand on the fair golden head pressed against me.

"Arthur Grey, Nellie; is there anyone else I could love?" she asked, almost angrily.

"You love my lover, Ivy?"

"Yes, Nellie; and I know that he loves me."

"Has he told you so?"

"Not in words, Nellie; but I am sure of it as if he had done so."

For one moment my heart seemed to stand still so utterly unprepared was I for such a blow.

Not till this moment had so much as a shadow clouded my implicit faith in my lover; and I had seen him and my sister together without the tiniest thought that either could ever deceive me.

But it was only for a moment that I felt thus; before I had had time to recover my self and from my sister's head I was myself again—outwardly calm, though the billows had passed over my soul.

What gave me that wonderful strength in the moment of my greatest weakness? Was it pride? No; pride could not have done it. It was love, mighty love—a woman's love, perfected in the furnace of affliction.

I raised my sister from the ground, and putting my arms round her, I pressed her to my heart. I loved her, and loved him; they must be happy, if it cost me my life!

"When is he coming again?" I whispered.

"He asked me to walk in the Park to-morrow morning, and I told him I generally took the children out at about eleven."

"Well, Ivy, I will get Mrs. Lester's permission to go out for half an hour, and I will meet him first. You must join us a little later on; and, if all is right, you can stay with him for a short time. Will that do, Ivy?"

Apparently without a thought of what I was doing for her, or of the pain it caused me, my sister assented; and while she slept the sleep of light-hearted happiness, I passed a weary, miserable night, bidding, adieu to the happy past, and schooling myself to look calmly on the desolate future.

Next morning I went out to meet Arthur. There in the Park I found him waiting, not for me, but for my sister.

As I approached, he came to meet me, and led me to a lonely path, which nursemaids and children seemed to avoid. Without any preamble of words, I asked my questions, and discovered that he loved my sister as fondly as she loved him.

"I am cruel, Nellie; but you left me too much to her. And who could resist such attractions as she possesses?"

"You are not so cruel," I answered, "as you would have been had you married me, loving another. It may be sad to be a lonely old maid, but it must be agony unspeakable to be a loveless wife. Had you wronged me by making me the latter, that would indeed have been cruelty past forgiveness. You and Ivy must make up my whole world; and to make your happiness must ever be mine. Do not reproach yourself with what you have done; be thankful, as I am, that the truth was discovered ere the mischief became irremediable."

And this would be called the story of my life; but "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." A veil is mercifully drawn over its thoughts and feelings, so that

"Not even the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

There are sorrows that can never be expressed; bitter tears—aye, tears of blood—shed which mortal eye can never see, but each of which shall be a bright and glorious jewel in the crown of the victorious sufferer, when, toil and trouble ended, and past and present lost in a bright and endless future, we bring our lives to an end, "as it were a tale that is told."

THE HAIR AND EARS.—Black hair which is perfectly straight without any wave or curl, and which lies in lank, lifeless masses, shows a melancholy disposition; a black beard which grows sparely gives also the same indication. Black hair which is wavy or curling, and very thick, shows force of affection and a certain ardor in love matters; and so also does a thick and crisp textured black beard and moustache.

Chestnut hair of a soft and silky texture, and not very thick, give romance of character. This is not the sort of hair which is ever seen on very commonplace, realistic persons. This tint of hair, crisp or curling, and growing thickly on the head, indicates a warm, affectionate nature. Men with this sort of hair, and with a thickly-growing beard, also crisp or wavy of texture, are jovial and hospitable, and both men and women of this coloring are fond of society, have a good deal of "go" in them, and an immense amount of confidence in themselves.

Golden hair of a soft, pale gold without undulation shows gentleness and tenderness, but no force of character. Men having this sort of hair are somewhat effeminate in their tastes, and are wanting in energy and decision. But the men and women having a pale, floss-silk sort of hair are incapable of strong affection; they are more given to having a series of small interests than one strong love.

Bright golden hair of a rich, deep color, and of a crispy and waving texture, growing thickly on the head somewhat low on the brow, shows an ardent, poetic, and artistic temperament. It is a signature of Apollo—the sun. Such people are generally fond of music, painting, or poetry.

Persons with red hair are ardent and vivacious, especially if with it they have hazel eyes, in which case they have a bright and quick intelligence. They have a good deal of natural facility for study, and good memories. Red hair with blue eyes shows the same warmth of character, but not so much intelligence; and if, with blue eyes and red hair, the eyebrows and eyelashes are white—as is often the case—it is an indication of a weak and capricious nature.

People with red-brown hair which is very thick, and redder over the ears and at the temples and on the beard than on the head are courageous and hot-tempered.

This kind of hair (unless the other indications in the face are widely different) shows activity and energy in all things.

Hair of that colorless fair color which French writers call ash-colored, denotes persons of an indolent and dreamy temperament. It is the indication given by the dominant influence of the moon at birth. Persons with this sort of hair, in combination with large blue-gray eyes, with fair, long, but straight eyelashes and very slightly defined eyebrows of the same blonde color, and white, soft skins, are capricious, languid, imaginative and somewhat melancholic.

Large, fleshy ears, especially those which have the lobes of the ears red, show coarseness of nature and sensuality. If the ears stand forward so as to show their entire form when the face is seen from the front, it denotes rapacity and cruelty. Ears close to the head show refinement and susceptibility. Long-shaped but small ears indicate refinement; a very small ear close to the head shows delicacy of perception, refinement, but also timidity. The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrow, or lower than the tip of the nose; if set in too sloping a direction they show timidity; if too upright, animal instincts, courage amounting to cruelty, especially if they obtrude out from the head.

A thin ear shows delicacy and poetry of feeling; a thick ear the reverse. A wide space between the wing of the nose and the ear-hole shows coarseness of nature; too little space, meanness and coldness of temperament. Ears of a deep red color show animal instincts; perfectly colorless denote timidity and want of warmth of temperament. An ear to be perfect should be rather small than not; in height it should be not higher than the eyebrow and not lower than the nose; in color it should be of a very delicate pink, and a little, but a very little, deeper in shade at the lobes.

The Restoration of a Well-known Philadelphia Lady.

Mrs. Margaretta A. Bair is the wife of a well-known undertaker, whose home is at 19th and Filbert Streets. For nearly twenty years she had been afflicted with rheumatism, which at times was so severe, so obstinate, and so deep-seated, that the doctors, not knowing what else to do with her, treated her for cancer in the stomach. Finally they gave up her case as hopeless.

Did Mrs. Bair die, or did she continue her existence as a suffering and hopeless invalid, you ask? Neither to the one nor the other. She was cured, and that by the use of Compound Oxygen. Hearing of the case as a remarkable one, a reporter for a city paper called up on her and, as will be seen by what follows, obtained an interview.

"We found her," he says, in his report of the case, "as active and cheerful a lady as we could wish to see. She told us the story of her long illness and wonderful cure, and permitted us to put it in type for the benefit of other sufferers. Mrs. Bair's narrative was in this wise:

"Nearly twenty years ago I was attacked by rheumatism. At first it was in my fingers; then it went all over my body, and in 1870 entirely crippled me by settling in my feet. Finally it took its most persistent hold in my left arm and shoulder, causing me intense pain. It was so that if the sensitive part was touched ever so lightly, I would scream with agony. Severe shooting pains darted through my whole system. My arm shrank in size, and hung helpless by my side. I could not use arm or hand even to comb my hair. Besides this, I had a cough, which for three years had given me much annoyance and distressing pain. My stomach was enfeebled, and my digestion was so bad that eating was more of a task than a pleasure. I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My doctor did his best for me, but he was powerless to afford me any real aid, and concluded that I could not live more than a few weeks at the furthest.

"About this time, which was in the spring of 1881, my sister told me of a friend of hers who had been wonderfully helped by Compound Oxygen.

"With hardly a hope of success I began the Treatment. By Christmas, to my own and the surprise of all my friends, I was so much better that I could eat what other people ate, and could enjoy my meals as I had not enjoyed them for years previously. The nausea and vomiting which used to follow on eating were now entirely gone. My arm and shoulder were nearly restored to their natural size. The settled rheumatic pain had for the most part left me. In a year after I began the treatment I could use my arm and hand for ordinary purposes not involving heavy lifting.

"I am now well as I have any right to expect. I am no longer an invalid in any respect. See my arm! it is restored just like the other! I can move about briskly. The pains have gone from my lungs and I have no more cough. As to rheumatism, it is gone long ago. I eat freely and my digestion is good.

If you wish to learn all about the Compound Oxygen, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, for their pamphlet. Sent free.

Our Young Folks.

A GAME OF ROMPS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The squirrel said to the dormouse brown,
"Where are you going to-day?
You'd better climb up this old beech to me,
And we'll have a fine game of play."

The little black eyes of the dormouse winked,
Said he, "'Twill be splendid fun.
And we'll have a fine supper of nuts to-night
When at last our gambols are done."

No sooner said, than away they go,
Scampering down the old tree;
Up again, jumping from bough to bough,
As merry as merry can be.

'Twas all very well for a little while
Then squirrel grew saucy and rough;
And by-and-by the poor dormouse squeaked,
"Hold hard! I've had quite enough."

But squirrel was spiteful, and wouldn't leave off,
And the more the dormouse cried,
The more he bullied, and flouted, and jeered,
And pushed him from side to side.

So a game that in merry sport began,
A quarrel became outright
And the squirrel and dormouse together ate
No supper of nuts that night.

Now boys, and girls, when you're all at play,
Be gentle if you are wise.
'Tis better a little you should give way,
Than bector or tyrannize.

A game should never grow rude and rough,
But be played with real good-will;
Leave off when you feel that you've had enough,
And you'll be good-tempered still.

AN ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

BY E. A. M. S.

IN a country far, far away, there once lived, long, long ago, a King and Queen.

The King was wise; he could make maxims. The Queen was domestic; she could make puddings. And none of the courtiers were too fat or too lean; for if one of them was growing too fat by reason of the Queen's puddings, a course of the King's maxims to digest soon reduced him to the proper size.

Thus all went well until the birth of the Princess, and all might still have gone well, had the Fairies been invited to the Christening.

But the wise King did not believe in Fairies; he thought them silly things; and the Fairies are a touchy folk; they will not stay where they are not appreciated.

As it happily, before he had been a year on the throne, the Wise People had all forsaken his realm, and a change had come over the land scape. For the grass grows brown and sear where no Fairies tread their round.

The flowers wither and fall when the Fairies sleep no longer in their cups, and the sun comes into, and turns soon from a land where there is nothing that he loves to look upon.

Then the Frost Sprites have it all their own way; they bind up the brooks and fountains, they kill the singing birds; they strip the leaves from the trees, and hang icicles on the branches, they spread a veil covering over hill and vale, till all places look the same quiet and cold. This was just what the King liked.

"Now I am glad," he said; "I have got the land into order."

"Yes," said the Queen. "All so clean and tidy."

So when the infant Princess came, neither of them dreamt of asking a Fairy to be its godmother.

But the King made a maxim on the occasion. "Education," he said, "should begin at the cradle, and end at the grave. We must have the Princess so educated, that she may be able to govern this great realm when we are dead."

And he ordered the Lord Chamberlain to bring before him all the teachers in the kingdom, that he might select the wisest. The teachers came, and they were many.

No room in the palace could contain them; they were obliged to stand outside; and the King and Queen examined them from the balcony.

Seeing the multitude, the King ordered the Lord Chamberlain to divide them into groups, according to their merits. This being done, there were four groups; and all those in the three largest groups held their handkerchiefs to their eyes, weeping.

The King, pointing with his sceptre, desired the Chamberlain to describe the qualifications of the first group.

"An it please your Majesty," cried the Chamberlain, "these each have a widowed mother."

"Oh," said the King. "Second group."

"An it please your Majesty, these have each an unfortunate father."

"Oh," said the King. "Third group."

"An it please your Majesty, these have all seen better days."

"Now," said the King, "let all the persons in these three groups receive from the Steward a purse of gold, and let them all return at once to their widowed mothers, their unfortunate fathers, and better days."

Whereupon those teachers took their handkerchiefs from their eyes, and went smiling away with the Chamberlain.

Only one group remained to choose from, and it contained only two persons, a man and a woman.

"Ladies first," said the King. "What can you teach the Princess?"

"I can teach her Royal Highness how to make every pie, pudding, and cough-mixture ever heard of."

"That won't do," said the King, and he turned to the other.

"I," said the man, "can teach all your Majesty's maxims, with their meanings."

"That's no use," said the Queen; and she sent him away quickly.

"Now they are all done with," said she, with a sigh of relief, and falling back among her velvet cushions, she fell fast asleep, the baby in her lap.

Then there came forward an old crone, whom nobody had observed before. She was very bent and crooked, her eyes were as red as coals, and she leaned upon a great crutch or staff.

"King," she said (without any "Please your Majesty," or "An it please your Majesty," or anything of the sort), "give me your child. I will make her the wisest princess on earth."

"And pray, mother," asked the king, "how will you do that? What can you teach her?"

"I will teach her to know the secret wishes of men."

"Aye," said the king, "that would indeed be something. 'Tis a wise king knows the wants of his subjects."

"To prove that I can do this, I will tell you, King, what is your own most constant desire."

"Marry!" said the King. "But you'd better whisper."

He thought what he most wished for was his own way, for that was what he got least of; but the old woman whispered in his ear—"Your most constant wish is,—that the Queen wouldn't bother."

The King started, and stared, and rubbed his head, and pondered.

"Well," said he, "to be sure—Yes—Well—you certainly are a wise woman! You shall teach my daughter." He lifted the child from the lap of the sleeping Queen, and put it into the old woman's arms.

"Now, King," said she, a threatening glare in her red eyes, "remember, I am to keep this child until she is fifteen years old. If anyone interferes with her, or approaches her, before that time, it will be the worse for the child!"

The King was fearfully dismayed. "What will the Queen say?" he thought. However, it was too late to repent. "The lucky man gets his way, the bold man takes it," he said, as he opened a door leading up to the highest tower in the palace, thrust the old woman and her charge inside, locked it, and hid the key in his robe.

There was a terrible ado when the Queen awoke, and was told that she could not see her child for fifteen years.

She tried scolding, imploring, fainting; and, at last, when she found the King was immovable, she sat down, and wept, and wept, and wept. All the ladies of the court came round, and wept with her.

This the King bore with great fortitude for some days, although the tears got into his pudding; but by the time he had a severe cold in the head, through wading about up to his ankles, and not having a single dry seat to sit down on, his firmness gave way.

With a violent sneeze, he threw the key into his consort's lap, and, pointing to the turret, bade her "Go fetch her child, before they were all drowned, or dead of influenza."

The Queen dashed away her tears, and sped up the winding stair; the maids of honor ran after her; and the King brought up the rear. On reaching the top, he found that the Queen had seized the child from the nurse, and was already hushing and rocking it.

"Fool!" screeched the old crone, turning fiercely upon him.

"Oh, you go away," replied the King; "better is the house of a fool than a wise man's house, when all the women are weeping in it."

The old woman then turned to the Queen and croaked in a voice like a corn-crake's.

"You have done your brat an ill turn. Had you trusted her to me, I would have made her the wisest princess on earth, and you would have reaped the benefit. But now you shall pay for your folly. I know your secret wishes for her! But this, your heiress, shall bring you sorrow and contempt, for she shall marry a Beggar! Thus, I lay my spell upon her!"

She waved her crutch three times over the infant, then pronouncing a word like the creak of a weathercock rattle, changed the crutch into a broomstick, mounted it, and flew up the chimney.

The King was so pleased to find a room high and dry, where the tears had not reached, and the Queen was so contented nursing her baby, that they took no notice of the parting threat. But by-and-by the Queen heard her maidens whispering together.

"Sh," said they; "'tis an ill Christening where no Fairies are bidden. The Witches are sure to come instead. Now our Royal Princess must marry a common beggar!"

Then the Queen was uneasy. "King," said she, "get rid of all the beggars. Let there not be one left."

"Certainly, my dear," replied the King, and he commanded the Lord Chamberlain to ride round the kingdom, and cut all the beggar's tongues out, that they might beg no more.

In three days the Lord Chamberlain returned with the report that there was not a beggar's tongue in his Majesty's dominions. The Queen was comfortable for a little while; but presently she heard the maids whispering among themselves: "It's all very well, but only a Fairy can take off a Witch's spell. If our Royal Princess is to marry a beggar she will marry a beggar although there may not be one to marry." The Queen became very uneasy again. "Fetch me a fairy at once!" she cried.

"My dear," said the King, "that is impossible. There are no Fairies now."

"I don't care," said the Queen, "I will have one."

Then all the King's horses and all the King's men scoured the land in search of a Fairy. But it was of no use. They came back without one.

When the Cook-maid knew it, she came up from the kitchen to the Queen, sitting upon her ivory throne in despair.

"Madam," said she, "an if it please your Majesty, I know of a Fairy."

"Where?" cried the Queen, starting up; "I will seek her myself."

"It is the Fairy Luck," said the maid. "She is very powerful."

"Take me to her," said the Queen, gathering up her train to follow the Cook-maid.

They went down to the kitchen, and the Cook-maid, lifting a loose flag-stone from the hearth, disclosed a stone staircase leading down to the caverns of the earth. Thus they descended in darkness, until they came to a vaulted cave, where there was light from a great fire burning in another cave beyond. The Queen saw in the ruddy glow a number of poor people with pinched faces, and smiling eyes, looking ragged and happy.

"These," said the Cook-maid, "are Luck's pensioners. They are waiting here for a meal. There are no dinners like those she cooks for the poor."

"Is the Fairy good-natured?" asked the Queen, "will she be sure to grant what I shall ask her?"

"She is very good to those she fancies," replied the Cook-maid; "and if she is in the humor she will do anything for anybody. But if she is in a bad humor she will not help you, however much you need it."

The Queen trembled with anxiety as she followed the girl into the next cave. There it was very hot, and there was a noise of frizzling, bubbling, and spluttering, and the smell of a thousand dinners. A huge caldron hung over the fire, and the Fairy, in high heels, red petticoat, and blue gown, was bending over, stirring it.

"All the dinners in the kingdom are cooking in that pot," whispered the maid.

"Is she in a good mood?" asked the Queen, with agitation. She knew so little of people's tempers that she could not judge for herself.

"Yes. She stirs the pot with the peak of her hat; that is a good sign. When she is put out, she stirs it with her shoe, and all the dinners go wrong. The pie-crusts fall, the meat is spoilt, all the sauces are bishoped and caught, and set on."

At that moment the Queen trod upon something crawling on the floor; it screamed, and the Fairy looked up and saw her visitors.

"Who's there?" she cried. "Mind the children, the are all over the floor. I saw the Lord Chamberlain going round looking for beggars, so I brought all the hungry brats down here.

"The grown-ups would take care to hold their tongues while his lordship passed, but these babies have not the sense. Now, what brings you here?"

"It is the Queen," said the maid. "She is come to ask for a wish."

"If it had been the King," said the Fairy, "I would have done nothing for him. He has driven all the Fairies away, and now he says there are none! But I like the Queen; she depends so much on me for her cooking. I grant your wish, Queen, whatever it be."

The Queen's heart beat with delight. She cried at once, "Let my daughter marry the richest and most powerful Prince in the world."

"What a wish. Poor child," said the Fairy. "However, I said that you might choose. Your child shall marry the richest and most powerful Prince in the world."

Then the fairy turned her back, stuck her hat on her head, whipped her shoe off her foot, and began stirring with all her might.

The Cook-maid pulled at the Queen's robe, and hurried her out of the cave—glad to escape from the smell of spoilt cookery which immediately began to ascend from the caldron.

The princess grew up beautiful and wilful, and no wiser than other Princesses. She believed that riches and power were better than anything else, for so she was taught; and she thought that when she was married to the greatest King in the world, she should certainly be very happy.

When she was fifteen, her father sent her portrait to the mighty Prince Amor. Charmed with her beauty, the Prince at once dismissed his Ambassadors demanding the Princess in marriage, and beseeching the King and Queen to bring their daughter to visit his kingdom.

The King at once returned the Ambassadors, accepting the invitation, and promising that the Princess should become the wife of Prince Amor, on that day year.

Shortly after, the King, the Queen, and the Princess, set out on their visit. Such was the magnificence of the reception prepared for them that nobody could properly describe it; nobody but the Court Poet. His verses on the occasion were so much admired that a crown of goose-quills was granted him—the highest honor a poet can receive in that country.

The Princess gazed eagerly about her. She wanted to be quite sure that Amor was the greatest Prince in the world. She looked at the cloth of gold spread for her charger to step on.

She looked at the bright jewels strewn in her path; she looked at the multitude of gallant knights who were his subjects; at the gay attire of the ladies crowding to welcome her. She looked with wonder and delight at his beautiful palace; but she never thought of looking at the Prince himself. The last day of her visit drew to its close without her having once raised her eyes to his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SOMETHING LIKE A BULL-FIGHT.—"I was one day enjoying a ramble," says a traveller relating his Indian experience, "along the shores of a beautiful lake. I was alone, and having a book with me I sat down under the shade of a tree to read for an hour or so. My position was on one of the hills covered with fine smooth turf and studded with pretty large single trees, and near the spot the declivity sloped gently towards the water, but did not reach to it, the ground having given way at some former epoch and formed a small precipice, fifteen or twenty feet in depth from the edge, sheer down to the deep water below.

"There was a herd of cattle feeding around, of the ordinary Indian breed, the Zebu, or 'Brahminy' cattle, as they are sometimes called, which in that district are of large size; and I had not been long seated when I noticed that something appeared to disturb the equanimity of the chief of the herd, a very fine fellow, with a sleek white coat, tinged with grey about the neck and joints, grand horns, and magnificent hump.

"He began to bellow and tear up the ground with his fore-feet, and for awhile I was a little apprehensive that these tokens of his wrath, might be directed towards me; but having my gun at my side, without which I seldom went far, and seeing that the tree under which I sat was pretty easy to climb, I was reassured, and watched the old fellow's proceedings with interest.

"Soon the cause of his disturbance became apparent; a mighty voice answered his challenges, and round the hill-side came another bull, as nearly an equal match to the first as could be imagined, and as like him as two peas, except that perhaps his grey markings were a trifle darker.

"Proudly he advanced, bellowing defiance, while the lord of the herd vehemently responded, and seemed to become the incarnation of fury, until, when some twenty yards from each other, down went their heads, and they met with a crash that resounded over the whole place, and sent each combatant back on his haunches. The herd, meanwhile, had gathered together and stood looking on. Both champions rose from the first shock, and, closing again more deliberately, brow to brow, a tremendous tussle began. I have never seen so well matched a pair of gladiators. Round and round they went, backwards and forwards, each straining every nerve to overpower the other, but without success; only I noticed that whichever happened to be uppermost on the hill-side had a little the best of it, and drove his adversary back, so long as he preserved that advantage.

"I am sure they must have been fighting for a quarter of an hour, and the struggle, which began to tell upon both, had brought them close to the edge of the little precipice mentioned above, at which moment a sudden turn placed the stranger bull uppermost on the hill-side, when the lord of the herd, aided by the advantage of ground, made a vigorous push, the stranger's hind feet slipped over the edge, and he plumped with a loud splash into the lake below, disappearing as by magic from the view of his antagonist, who very nearly toppled over and shared his fate.

"The scene was most absurd. Recovering himself, with a roar of surprise, the astounded victor wheeled about and galloped off tail in air; bellowing as he ran, followed by the herd; while the stranger, with courage cooled by his involuntary bath, swam ashore a little way off, and started in full career in another direction, roaring at the top of his voice as he went. And so ended harmlessly one of the finest combats it has ever been my good fortune to witness; for the grandeur of the animals, their attitudes, and the marvellous play of their muscles during the contest, were a perfect study, and I lamented my want of skill with the pencil that prevented my transferring the scene to paper."

NOVEL NOTIONS.—Flowers begin to appear in window boxes of houses, and new blinds and curtains lend their aid to brighten up architecture. Old pattern window blinds are now being replaced by a pretty material with a conventional floral pattern printed on it in blue, terra cotta, and other colors, and finished off with a deep fringe to match the colors of the blinds.

For the dining-rooms, or other rooms on ground floors, which can be overlooked by persons passing in the street, the old horse-hair blinds have quite disappeared, their place being taken by curtains of figured Indian muslin (short ones, the length only of the lower sashes) edged with lace, and fastened back with a broad ribbon or small handkerchief of Indian silk of terra cotta or peacock blue, or other artistic color. On the window-sill, between the curtains thus looped back, there may be placed a large ornamental flowerpot, with a palm or some foliage plant.

"Is the coon a smart animal?" asked a stranger of old Si Jackson on Onion creek. "Talk about coons being smart, I should say day was smart." "Well, how smart are they?" "A coon played me de meanest trick you eber heerd tell on. I foun' a hole whar de coon went inter de ground, an' I waited dar all day long to shoot dat coon, an' when he did come out he was a polecat."

CONTENTMENT.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all,"
The mother said.
"My good, kind husband, as you see,
And those three children at my knee,
Who look to me so trustingly
For daily bread—

"For their sweet sakes, who love me so,
I keep the firelight in a glow
In our dear home,
That, though the tempest roar outside,
And fiercely beaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam.

"And as the merry kettle boils,
We welcome him who daily toils
For us each day.
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more,
When fond ones meet him at the door,
At twilight gray.

"One gets the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his seat—
The big arm chair—
And while the children round him sing,
And make the dear old rafters ring,
One little daughter crowns him king
With blossoms fair.

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owners of a vast estate,"
The mother said;
"But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as it can hold,
With daily bread."

THE MAIDEN LADY.

Each and all of us are condemned, sooner or later, to say a long good-bye to our youth. The change is slow but sure, and the inevitable hour approaches steadily. Between the condition of the unmarried girl and that of the maiden lady there is a great tract of country to pass, in which stand certain well-known landmarks—"quite young," "still young," "no longer young," being the most unmistakable. There is no doubt that it is much easier for a woman who is married, and whose children are about her, to grow old gracefully; the responsibilities, the cares and interests distract her attention from herself; and when the cap of doom—the cap that marks middle-age—begins to seem necessary, her struggle against it is comparatively slight. But to the unmarried woman, when youth begins to vanish into the happy past, it too often seems like a pall falling on the world, shutting out all horizon. But this need not be. Youth is not a woman's only charm, and its very evanescence should teach us to value it aright. When it is beginning to leave her she is just reaching her prime and discovering her strength; if she realizes this, and is content to let the peculiar power of youth and prettiness go by without a protest, she will find there is a world for her yet to live in, and a place to fill. Probably no woman lives who, if she spoke the truth, would not confess that she would prefer to exercise the power which belongs to a pretty face rather than any other. The pretty girl finds herself in existence, and adored for her beauty, as a flower does. But, nevertheless, a woman with any sense or any real capacity must always see, long before her days of easy victory are over, that they will end. Whether she is to be happy, and find pleasure in life afterwards, depends entirely on the attitude of mind which she takes up.

Let her regard her young days and their peculiarities as passed. When this changed attitude of mind is accomplished, a thousand bitternesses will be taken from her which make dark the life of the ordinary spinster whose early life is ebbing away. No longer will she be jealous of the younger sisters, whose fresh faces and lissome figures bring them innumerable partners. No longer will she persist in dressing as they do, and eat her heart out with disappointment because the girlish toilette looks utterly different upon herself from what it does upon their graceful, buoyant forms. She courageously adopts another style, and looks smilingly upon their white muslin-frocked beauty, able to regard it as a charm which once was hers, and now is hers no longer. There is no need for her to become a "dowdy" and surrender all pretensions to be their equal. Let the fair-faced girl in the white frock, with the flowers in her hair and the blushes on her cheek, go to the ball-room unenvied. The maiden lady who dresses herself richly and soberly, recognizing that added years demand dignity of externals as well as mellowness of mind, need never look a dowdy by the side of her young sister.

There is no doubt that middle age is to men the best part of life; youth has its many drawbacks in its inexperience, its inability to measure its powers and possibilities, its never-to-be gratified hopes and expectations. When a man has found his place in the world, learned his own powers and limitations, then he can begin to draw upon the fund of enjoyment which life offers to us all. So it is with the wife and mother; her vocation is chosen, her interests many, her surroundings adapted to her. When the maiden lady takes life in the same philosophic fashion, refusing to regret her youth or hunger after the pleasures of the past, she, too, will find it yields abundance of enjoyment.

The happy past is yours, and no one can take it away from you; let it lie in the memory and help to make the present green and pleasant. If the maiden lady has a vocation, she will need no such advice as this; happiness will come to her of itself with activity, and advancing years will bring no bitterness.

The maiden lady whose heart is merry, whose laugh is still young, though her face may have lost its bloom, and whose sympathies are readily touched by all congenial new-comers, will never find herself alone in the world or left out in the cold. She will not need to keep some spitoful little lap-dog, whose temper is spoiled by over-feeding and an unnatural life, to lavish her affections on; for men and women, real friends, will gladly gather in her drawing-room.

We all of us probably know at least one such charming spinster who has made herself the centre of a knot of bright wit and clever brains, by keeping her own heart and mind alive. It is very pleasant to waltz with the prettiest girl in the ball-room, and when you sit down to a two hours' dinner, it is pleasant to have an intelligent woman as your next neighbor. If she is a maiden lady, and has forgotten how to flirt, what then? Men grow weary of flirtation and froth sometimes, and are glad to meet with a woman who does not expect it of them. In society, as well as at home, the maiden lady has her place, if she will but fill it.

Grains of Gold.

He is never alone who is accompanied by noble thoughts.

Read the words which inspire better thoughts and healthier feelings.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.

It is absurd to indulge all kinds of excesses and vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to conceal it from the world.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything: for there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.

We are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when we are painfully conscious that we are in need of it ourselves.

Never confide your secrets to paper; it is like throwing a stone in the air, and if you know who throws the stone, you do not know where it may fall.

What are the temptations of the rich to those of the poor? Yet see how lenient we are to the crimes of the one—how relentless to those of the other.

Satan takes all the chances. In this way he snares oftimes a careless deacon; and he knows that one saint is better game for him than a thousand sinners.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil.

We've known people to travel all night on the cars to save time, and then sleep all the next day to catch up, but we don't see where the mathematics comes in.

The needle of the compass will not settle until it points toward the pole star, and so the soul can find no resting place until it turns with full purpose of faith to Christ.

You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and views, but you can never become distinguished without severe application.

Among all the virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always an anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

To discover your husband's, your wife's or friend's special aversions, and to keep the discovery to yourself while you studiously keep them out of sight and hearing either by deed or word, is true courtesy and true friendship.

Few efforts are more unsuccessful, few labors are more unavailing, than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself, of the liberal giver who does not pay his debts, of the man who, without any special direction in life, is occupied in guiding and directing others.

Femininities.

There are 18,691 female students in the American colleges.

An 11-year-old girl, whose hair is quite gray, lives in Sumpter county, Ga.

Parisian ladies are acquiring a taste for violin-playing instead of the piano.

A novelty at a Milwaukee convent commencement was an exhibition of cooking on the stage.

Truth the open, honest truth—is always the wisest, always the safest, for everyone in any and all circumstances.

About the worst paid of the underpaid workwoman in London are those employed in manufacturing cheap Bibles.

A woman in Des Moines, Iowa, has sued 27 different residents of that place for slander, and she wants $50,000 from each of them.

Wearing bangles and bracelets outside the gauntlet gloves is voted by many ladies as vulgar as wearing rings over gloved fingers.

Touching inscription on a tombstone: "Here lies my mother-in law. She always desired my happiness. Her death proved this."

A Baltimore woman, to relieve her husband, who was charged with cutting off the end of her nose, swore that she bit it off herself.

A maiden lady who has a chair which she claims came over in the Mayflower would not speak to a friend who wanted to know if she came over with it.

Girls who desire to be in the fashion, spin out their names to as great length as they may—Kathaleen, Mariamne, Mariah, Lillian, Evah, and so on.

A dose of ink was administered to a lady in Macon, Ga., in place of medicine that had been procured for colic; but the ink cured her all the same.

A prudent woman at Fairfield, Mich., has provided herself with a full summer toilet of mourning, including a stylish bonnet, because "several of her folks are delicate."

At a fire in Somerville, Mass., a lady fought her way heroically into the burning building and saved her new bonnet, leaving behind to be consumed her pocketbook containing $30.

A St. Louis woman hung out a sign reading: "Eminently respectable rooms to rent," and they remained empty for some months. Nobody wanted anything above "fair to medium."

A fortune of two hundred thousand dollars, which she is said to have accumulated herself, was left by a Brooklyn colored washerwoman, who died intestate the other day. She has no heirs.

To marry one man while loving and loved by another is about the most grievous error that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, against kindness and truth. It involves double treachery and cruelty.

An Albany milliner, who understands how to sell her stringless bonnets, advertises that "stringless bonnets are worn by youthful women only." The only woman who declined to purchase has four married grandchildren.

There has been a vast improvement in ladies' headgear during the past decade or two. Twenty years ago, when a woman inadvertently got her bonnet on "hind part before," a man could rapidly detect the error. He can't now.

A young Crichton: Young lady—"And how is Johnny getting on at the new school, Mrs. Scatterpole?" Mrs. Scatterpole—"Oh, beautifully, my dear. He's learning six languages—French, German, Latin, Greek, Algebra, and Euclid!"

"The manners of the lower classes of London children," says a London newspaper, "have undoubtedly improved of late years, thanks to education and self-respect," while "the loss of children among the well-to-do and respectable members of society has, it may be feared, somewhat degenerated."

"What do you think of Mr. Thompson, ma?" "He seems to be very nice, but I would not encourage him if I were you." "Why not, ma?" "He has black hair, and black-haired men are always deceitful." "But pa has black hair." "Yes—but not quite black, child. It's quite black enough, though."

A girl, if she cannot always choose, can always refuse; and generally her difficulty is this. "It is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him; but I think I might do so if I choose, or shall I forbear?" It is here that the power of choice comes in, and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all.

A lady who has been abroad was describing some of the sights of the trip to friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg." "O, how I should love to see it!" gushed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

A lady addressing a company of Sunday school officers and teachers, and giving a reminiscence of her experience as a Sunday teacher, says a Boston paper, said that one of the inducements held out to her to take charge of a class of boys was that one of them was "catcher of the nine." She thought if the nine were all like him she did not wish him to catch them for her.

"You say your husband has a good memory, do you, Mrs. Crimsonbeak?" "Oh, excellent!" responded the lady addressed. "And how do you know it is so very good?" "Well, I asked him to bring me home a mackerel a week ago, and he brought it home to-day. Now, a man must have a pretty good memory to remember a little thing like that for a whole week."

"Charles," said Mrs. Spendall, "I saw a beautiful costume at Bizarre's to-day, and I should like it ever and ever so much." "And I should like to have you have it," replied Charles, "but really, Clara, I haven't the money to spare." "O, you great tease! I know better than that, I saw a brand-new check-book in your desk only yesterday, and not one of the checks had been used."

Masculinities.

A Yonkers bride received, among her wedding gifts, a receipted bill for $8, for gate-hinges, from her father.

There is one thing in this world wherein men and flies are equally silly. They both yield to the attractive power of "asses."

Many parents treat their poor, persecuted children as a shepherd treats goats, whose sinews are cut to prevent them from jumping.

Lightning struck a house in Natick, Mass., lately, and tore the pantaloons and one shoe from an occupant, but did him no serious injury.

Do not affect a motive in love. It is not a question of motive, but of fact. Don't marry to do good. The end does not sanctify the means.

Many a man in this world is like an enthusiastic hen who sits on a china egg without questioning whether anything will ever come of it.

An Illinoisan wants his name changed from Shool to Shrady, believing that the revision of the Old Testament has rendered the change desirable.

A New York policeman shot himself dead because the Police Sergeant accused him of shamming illness, and left the question in dispute succeeded after all.

The "rogues' gallery" is the name given by an Iowa girl to an album in which she keeps the photographs of all the young men who have flirted with her.

Dakota is proud of a millionaire Chinaman, who resides at Rockford. He owns mines, United States bonds, horses and carriage, and a warehouse.

Mr. J. T. N. Hancock, of Carnesville, Ga., has gone mad through religious excitement; he believes that he is John the Baptist, and clamors for the return of his head.

A man may be bold in business, brave in battle, and courageous in time of danger, but the small brother of the girl whom he is courting will often knock him out in one round.

The man who is perfectly honest, and at the same time inefficient, is a most unfortunate creature; he is nothing better than a foot-ball for both virtue and vice to kick at their leisure.

A trap set in their barn for thieves by a young man, in Pembroke county, N. Y., recently, caught his widowed mother, and inflicted such injuries that the amputation of one of her limbs was thought necessary.

It has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. So absolutely is the power vested in the husband that one man who wished to deed his wife's clothes to her could not legally make the transfer.

A man residing at Oakdale, Stanislaus county, Cal., became so excited, a week or two ago, when he found his wife in a drug store purchasing poison, with which she had threatened to destroy her life, that he dropped dead on the spot.

"Heavens, my husband!" shrieked a faithless wife at Lyons, France, who had just returned from a pic-nic with a young man, and springing into the river, she was drowned. The discovery was then made that it was not her husband.

Bobby (to young Featherly, who is making an evening call): "Will you speak a little French for me before you go, Mr. Featherly?" Featherly: "Certainly, Bobby, if you wish it." Bobby: "I do. Ma says your French is very amusing."

Mrs. Sallie M. Balliet, of Allentown, this State, is a wealthy lady counting her age on the sunny side of 30, and is now vigorously prosecuting divorce proceedings from her third husband. She bids fair to make the best divorce time on record.

To see her husband for half an hour on the day set apart for semi-annual visits, the wife of a convict at Portsmouth, England, trudged all the way from Birmingham, wheeling their crippled child, 11 years old, in a perambulator. The journey took 22 days.

A colored centenarian who has had nine wives, and is the father of 117 children, is spoken of in a Eufaula, Ala., paper, which also adds that the aged gentleman last year cultivated twenty acres of land, and has for eight years acted as the pastor of a church.

An illustration of the great sacrifice at which thieves sometimes dispose of their booty, comes from New Bedford, Mass., where a man has just been sentenced to an imprisonment of two years for stealing a forty-dollar clock, which he sold for seventy-five cents.

One of the greatest puzzles to the observing spectator who watched the youngsters playing Copenhagen at the children's jubilee, the other day, was to know why those little girls who fought so hard against being kissed, played the game at all. They didn't have to.

Married, at Sebec, Me., George F. Stedman, aged 40, and Grace Pretzle, aged 11. The town clerk at first refused to issue a license, but the consent of the child's parents being given no legal grounds for refusal remained, and the ceremony was performed at once.

A Jefferson young man kissed his dulcina about twenty times the other night, on a stretch, and when he stopped to get breath and dust the chalk off his coat to make a new start, tears filled her eyes, as she said, in a sad tone of voice: "Ah!—I fear you have ceased to love me." Moral—Marry her at once.

A pretty 16-year-old girl, in tears, was dragged through the streets of Birmingham, Ala., by her mother, a few days ago, to be offered up on the hymeneal altar as the bride of an old man, a perfect stranger. By marrying him she saved to her family a property that would otherwise have gone to other legatees under the provisions of a will.

Hans Makart, the great painter of Vienna, was an eccentric genius, and so very popular with fashionable ladies, that every one was surprised when he married an ordinary-looking woman. It seems that somebody was once inquisitive enough to ask him why he did so; whereupon he replied: "To have a good-tempered, sensible woman to trust to, when all the butterflies, who, after all, are only caterpillars dressed, forsake me."

"WHY DO WE SIGH."

BY RITA.

Oh, why do we sigh
O'er the hopes gone by,
As we bend o'er the couch of the dying?
And why should the tear
Fall and on the bier
Where the child of our bosom is lying?

Why should we weep
In anguish so deep,
O'er the bed where a loved one is sleeping?
For sweet is the rest
Of the spirit that's blest,
In a land that knows nothing of weeping.

And oft from above
On the wings of love
It may visit the home of our dwelling,
To whisper of rest
To the sorrowing breast,
When the bosom of anguish is swelling.

Then soft be the tear
That falls on the bier,
Since still from our grief we may borrow
The hope that we'll meet,
Where rest will be sweet,
In a land that knows nothing of sorrow.

A Bit of Carpet.

BY E. M. DAVY.

JUST before the bureau in my own private room there lies a little square of carpet. It has green leaves trailing over a mossy background of a lighter hue of green. The color of all has faded somewhat, and the leaves look as though the cool days and frosty nights of autumn had turned them sere and sad.

I admit that my treasure is faded, and worn, and old; I can understand that others may wonder to see it lying there; but to me it is one of my most cherished and precious possessions.

It is so filled with memories that I often feel that I could sit down beside it and dream away my life.

It had its being before I was. Long years ago a young couple were married; fond hopes and bright anticipations filled their hearts with music. They furnished their little house as though for fairy housekeeping, feeling that everything must be bright and happy with them, for no storms could overwhelm nor sorrows deluge them as long as they met them together.

I suppose every new house-furnishing by every new and loving couple seems to themselves as the beginning of a new and beautiful poem; a poem in which the lines shall ever be in rhythm, and the metre be in perfect time.

And so, perhaps, every life may be a poem. But we know not the measure in which the verse shall be cast, nor can we always catch the rhythmic flow which may underlie and bind the separate parts in harmony together.

This little piece of carpet of mine was, in those many years ago, a part of a large one which covered the parlor floor. In but few years after the laying of this carpet there were little feet pattering about over it, and little hands trying, ever in vain, to gather the bright leaves that appeared to be scattered so invisibly about. But the carpet kept its foliage, and, to us, it seemed never to fade, but become wreathed, in some wry, with and through the fabric of our lives.

Every spot in the room which the carpet covered was connected with some memory. It was here, we would say, that we stood when we saw our third and last sister. Such a tiny, wee, funny-looking creature she was to us then; it did not seem possible that she would ever be able to know and to play with us. But she was. It was but a short time before she was able to enter into our little sports, to assert her own little will, engage in little quarrels and as frequent makings-up, and to be our pet, our plaything, and our playmate.

It was just here, right by the window, that my baby sister and I stood when they had told us that our older sister was so ill that she might never play with us any more. They said we must be very quiet. And we were, although it was but a vague, uncomprehended fear that assailed us; the deep grief and anxiety about us quieted us with its pall. How bleak it looked out of doors as we stood there! The sun was hidden, and the cold wind was whistling and sighing, saying unutterably sad things to our saddened little hearts; things we understood as little of as we did the shadow whose impending grief was threatening the family.

Our sister recovered at that time. It was many years afterwards when she was finally called home.

We could understand our sorrow and feel our loss more than when she lay between the two south windows so quiet, so still—the pain all over, the shadows all passed—for her—and on her face there was resting a look of perfect rest and peace.

The time of her flitting was in the season of flowers, of warmth and beauty—the summer time.

I remember how the flowering shrubs by the windows looked as though they were striving to peep in and ask what kept their friend from coming to visit them.

For she was as gentle as the flowers, and as pure and fragrant with loving thoughts; and she was their most faithful lover and caretaker. They seemed to droop and mimic her sadly.

From the hour that this sister breathed her last the mother's life seemed to have taken new root in Heaven; as though she, too, had partly passed into "the Beyond" with her first-born.

She was still, as ever, brave, cheerful, and uncomplaining; but each year it appeared as though her spirit became more and more detached from its earthly tabernacle, until, when she left us, it was without pain, and almost without warning.

The old carpet was like a friend and companion, for it was with us through joy and sorrow, through trials and pleasures.

As long as the mother lived, the cares and trials, no matter how sharp and bitter, could never be the whole, or even the principal part of life.

She could make them appear as only happenings by the way; a part of the material experiences of incidental life which were but to aid in the development of the true mental, moral and spiritual character.

As our old carpet was our companion through our childish joys and troubles, and still the companion of our maturer cares and sorrows, it was no less the witness and participant of all our girlish dreams and delights, as well as of the deeper joys of our womanhood.

If it saw death and burial, it was also present in scenes of love and marriage. It saw the same hands which in infancy had struggled to gather its own hoarded leaves, reached out to gather those of the tree of happiness. It heard the same voices which had laughed in glee, or which, issuing from little wet cheeks that were pressed quite closely to its own bosom, had sobbed out their woes—it heard these same voices whisper vows of hope and constancy, of love and faith.

It heard the farewells of the newly-married as they passed from its sight to commence the idyls of their lives in new homes, and among new scenes and surroundings.

Dear old carpet! the others have all been gathered into rest. I alone am left to love and cherish thee for the tales thou canst tell me of "the days that are no more."

When my time of departure comes may my eyes rest on thee last as they close on earth; even as I believe their opening on the other side will be greeted with the sight of those with whom our lives, thine and mine, were spent here.

Will anyone care for thee when I am gone? I know not. But I know that to no other canst thou be the artist, the raconteur, the friend, the magician thou art to me.

In High Life.

BY G. S.

LADY Courtly is about thirty, she has the remains of transcendent beauty, and her manners are captivating. Her education is of the very first class; she has always moved in high life, and is a perfect woman of the world—polite, elegant, and exquisitely accomplished. She married at sixteen, became a widow at four-and-twenty. She had always lived in splendor with her husband, and was left with a jointure of three thousand pounds per annum. Her personal attractions and her handsome income drew many suitors—brought many to bend the knee before the shrine of beauty, and to become candidates for her hand and fortune.

A poor peer, a ruined baronet, an economical Scotch member of Parliament, four sinking exquisites, and three selfish Guardsmen, the younger sons of nobility, were foremost on her list—not to mention an Irish fortune-hunter, who still languishes and goes through divers amatory stratagems and devices in order to find favor in the sight of the widow. The motive for breaking off these negotiations was, that Lady Courtly believed every one of these dying, these deeply-in-love swains had an eye to the purse as well as to the person.

All this time the lovely widow—who is yet a superb candle-light beauty—appeared at Court, and in every gay circle. No one dressed—no one dresses—more elegantly. The appointments, horses, carriages, and servants are of the very first taste and correctness. No one entertains better. Her house is fitted up like a fairy palace: superb furniture, porcelain, statues, pictures of the Roman and of the Flemish schools, and satin hangings, give an air of almost Eastern magnificence to her mansion.

At her *fetes*, the rarest green-house and hot-house plants, the richest viands, with a profusion of ices and the choicest wines, characterize her assemblage of ashion.

Pleasing in her manners, Lady Courtly is a favorite with everyone: and no one has more the appearance of prosperity and felicity. But it is not so. I was at college with her husband, and have been acquainted with her for twelve years, and am now become a confidential friend. She is not, as I have already observed, happy; but, on the contrary, is a victim to splendid misery, to affluent poverty, to magnificent distress. The parade of splendor and of plenty disguises the want of every comfort; as, often, the velvet mantle and the purple garb, the imperial ermine and the glitter of gold, cover a broken or a diseased heart, imprisoned in an aching bosom, where all is coldness, want of consolation, penury, and despair.

She sent for me one morning for my advice. I shall never forget it. Her eyes were sleepless and her pulse was quick; her hands where parched and feverish, and she was altogether a picture of smiling anguish.

At my entrance into her breakfast-room she rose up with forced gaiety, struggled at a smile, motioned the servant to withdraw, and said, "I am delighted to see you; I want to consult you about a fancy ball."

"The last which you gave," replied I, "has served the fashionable world for conversation ever since."

Here she heaved a deep sigh; and placing her forefinger on her lip, like the picture of Silence, replied, in an altered tone of voice, "I know it has, and I have paid for it severely. I must give these entertainments; I must keep up this establishment; I cannot part with a horse or discharge a servant; I cannot change my mode of living nor my expensive toilette, or else I should be ruined. But, my good friend, the morning's reflection is like a sepulchral pall thrown over the past pleasure of the night; it darkens every prospect; it kills every enjoyment; it destroys, it cuts off hope, and points out ruin, despair, and indigent age, if ever I attain it."

Here she wept.

A knock came to the door.

"Not at home," whispered she from the top of the stairs.

I heard many clamorous claimants. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I took her by the hand, and tried to comfort her. The front door shut; she breathed, she smiled through a tear, and cast a grateful look upwards.

"These are my mornings," continued she. "Every strange voice alarms me; the opening of the door makes me start like the timid hare; a sharp ring at the bell transfixes me; I am dunned by letter and personally; insulted by low wretches; muttered at by unpaid servants; controlled by my man of business; am the slave of my steward; am a prey to every money-lender; but, above all, I am a prey to self-condemnation! What have I done to be thus wretched?" She wept again. "Without" (pointing to a phial) "that opium I could not live; yet does it undermine my health, scatter my bloom, and bring me to premature old age."

I felt distressed at her words.

"I assure you," continued she, taking some drops in a glass of water, "that I am ruled by my servants and my tradesmen, and have no will of my own. My dressmaker, my wine merchant, my silk mercer, my maid, my milliner, and my florist force what they please upon me. I must take what they like, in order to swell out their ample bill, and must do what they please in order to discharge it—pay interest, find security, make presents—in short, there is no end to it. How many women envy me! and yet who would envy me if they knew all? My plate is gone; my diamonds are all pledged; my cellar is empty, no one will trust me with a meal—so well am I known to all the tradesmen of the West End! My half-yearly dividend is forestalled; and yet must I give a dinner to twelve of the elite of fashion this very day. To send round cards, saying that I am indisposed,, is a stale trick, and my servants will not only betray me, but become insufferably insolent. What is to be done."

Needless to say, I helped her out of the difficulty as well as I could, but fresh debts and fresh misery soon overlooked her; and she is now, at my advice, staying on the Continent for a period, until, by living economically, she can pay her debts.

"What d'ye call this?" asked the young man with an air of suspicion, when his girl's mother handed him a piece of pastry. "That's marble cake, baked by daughter Sallie," said the proud parent. "Humph! marble cake, eh?" said the young man, trying to insert his teeth into the composition. "That's a very good name for it, too. I thought it was cast-iron cake." He didn't stay long after that.

"Well, how are you to-day?" asked the doctor. "My rheumatism has gone. I rubbed my knee well with your lotion," replied the patient, "Your knee? But you said it was your arm," "Yes, but the exercise cured me."

"O, Lor' Hit 'Im Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said; "Brethern, it's worse than I thought: I'll make it 50 pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots.

The origin of those aches and pains is the kidneys and the liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patch work, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common sense course for them to pursue.—*London Press.*

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Headache,
Toothache Inflammation,
Congestions, Asthma,
Influenza, Sore Throat,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

Dysentery, Diarrhœa.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

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REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents Per Box

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

EARN SOMETHING.

NOW, while you are young, go to work. It is a very, very good thing to earn a little money for yourself. It is good even for women, who might have the necessities of life supplied for them, to find some way to make a little money which may be their very own; not simply to buy bonnets with, if they already have enough; now just to be finer; but to be able to indulge themselves in those little amenities of life which are impossible to people who have not the command of, at least, a small purse. You do not know what a person who lives, as many women do, on the friendly bounty of relatives would really be if she could do as she choose. It is an unfortunate fact that almost anything we wish to offer another requires some expenditure, and that people who get credit for being so good-natured, often earn their reputation with a few spare dollars which they do not miss.

Aunt Kitty, who buys tickets for pleasant amusements, makes presents and never forgets a birthday, has no more natural kindliness than Aunt Jane, who has nothing to give, but is always hoping that someone will give her something. Long years of this have changed her disposition; but as girls, she and her sister Kitty were equally kind and generous. Only, you see, when the sudden blow that comes to so many fell upon them, and there were nothing left, Aunt Kitty went to learn the millinery business, and worked at it until she had a few customers of her own, then a workroom, and now a large establishment, with plate-glass windows and plenty of savings. Aunt Jane, on the contrary, felt ashamed to work. Uncle Felix said she might live with him, and she accepted the offer. Poor relations seldom have a very good time of it, but Jane is still too proud to be her sister's cashier.

They are middle-aged women now, but Jane is ashamed of the shop—ashamed of her sister, but she takes her presents. She can do nothing for anyone, and has sunk into a cipher; whereas, as cashier for Kitty, she would be an important person. Naturally, she expected to marry; but a helpless young woman, living about where she is not much wanted, seldom makes a good match. Neither of the young women were pretty, but Kitty looks happy and prosperous today, while Jane looks "forlorn." She has not had to work hard but she has rusted, having done so very little for herself or anyone else.

It is not always so. The woman who feels that earning something would degrade her, not unfrequently settles into a wretched drudge. All the talk about gentility, all the feeling of shame there is about receiving payment for work, does not alter the fact that anyone with a few dollars of her very own is twice as happy as anyone who has none, and ten times more important. If it were only having more or less of the portable property of this world for yourself, it would be bad enough to be without money of your own; but when you consider that the want of money will cause you to crush out much of your kindliness and generosity, and make you helpless where you need to be strong, we do not believe you will let pride weigh down the balance. Go into the shop, the workroom, or the kitchen; teach, if you can; enter a profession, if you are fit for it; do anything honest, rather than become a genteel female pauper; and, our word for it, you will never spoil your matrimonial prospects by such independence! Sensible men know that women who are able to help themselves will be help-meets to their husbands.

M. S.

CONCEALED DESPATCHES.—During the French "War of the Fronde", a leading member of the popular party transmitted an important letter in a roasted crab. The order which decided a great sea fight in the reign of Charles II. was carried by a little cabin boy, who swam through the fire of the Dutch fleet with the paper in his mouth and that boy afterwards wrote his name in history as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Immediately before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War Frederick the Great's emissaries in Saxony discovered several treasonable despatches hidden under the skin of a bologna sausage. One of the Jacobite leaders of 1745, when about to be surprised in his own house by a party of soldiers, was warned of the necessity of instant flight by the gift of a feather from a friendly neighbor, the meaning of which somewhat ambiguous present, to his credit be it spoken, he at once divined. Warren Hastings, when blockaded in Benares succeeded in communicating with the British army by a singular use of his knowledge of Asiatic customs. He inserted thin rolls of parchment into the quills which his native messengers wore in their ears, and thus sent his despatches safely through the very midst of the besieging force. The fall of Robespierre in 1794 was telegraphed to the prisoners in the jail from the roof of an adjoining house by holding up a robe and a stone (pierre) and flinging both down into the street. When the Russian garrison of Samarcand was hemmed in in 1868 a loyal native succeeded in passing through the enemy's camp with a letter stitched up in his sandal, with which he reached the army just in time to recall it to the rescue. It is even stated on good authority—although it must be owned that the statement has a strong "Munchausen" flavor about it—that a French spy in 1871 traversed the German lines with a photographic despatch concealed in the hollow of his false teeth.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills promptly relieve the stomach, correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste, and cure constipation.

Humorous.

THE DEADLY ICE-CREAM.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two ice-cream plates as one!
Two tender eyes two others sought,
While two devoured what one had bought,
Nor knew they were undone.

With love exhilarated,
With cream completely mixed,
The youthful pair were fated.

Two stomachs with a single pang,
Two yells that passed for one!
That yell through field and forest rang,
And spoiled the pic-nic's fun.
All knew the ice-cream serpent's fang
Its deadly work had done.

All cursed the copper kettle,
Or brass, or such like metal,
That made the dose so fatal.

Two bodies with a single need,
One stomach-pump for two;
It makes the toughest bosom bleed,
The reddest lips turn blue,
To think that such a splendid feed
Such woeful work can do.

No more the lovers dawdled,
But homeward slowly wobbled,
There to be nursed and coddled.

—S. T. OLEN.

Deer at any price—Venison.

A running mate—An eloping wife.

A charity bawl—"Please give me a penny."

A convict, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.

A man who abides in a penitentiary is a law abiding citizen.

A woman's tongue and a wild horse are two things that can't be bridled.

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve" is for sale at cost price.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.

"Order slate" is the injudicious advice suspended before a certain coal office.

The man who has nothing to say, is unfortunately the man who is always talking.

The parsons out West think roller-skating has a tendency to promote "backsliding."

Music or no music, it is an historical as well as a zoological fact, that the cat was the original purr-former.

The elephant is a very badly-behaved animal. He turns up his nose at everything that is given him to eat.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Mile-stones: for you will never find two of them together.

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

How can you get a new set of teeth inserted gratis? Go into somebody's garden, where a big dog is kept, and kick him.

That ladies easily learn to play the violin is not surprising when their experience in handling beaux is taken into consideration.

Scientists claim that cigarette-smoking leads to idiocy. We do not know how true this is, but are satisfied that idiocy leads to cigarette-smoking.

A recently-published cook-book includes a chapter with the odd title: "Why Not Eat Insects?" Did the author never eat huckleberry pie in a restaurant?

Fencing is the new craze among young ladies. Well, if they will occupy the fence occasionally it will give the gate a rest, and the whole business will wear out together.

"Smith is so very close," was observed by Jones; "he will squabble about a penny." "Well," remarked Brown, "I always thought that the least one squabbles about the better."

A poet says: "There is always sunrise somewhere." This is comforting. To the man who is just going to bed there comes the happy consolation that somebody has got to get up and go to work.

Professor Sullivan's interesting statement that he was never drunk in his life was probably based on the liberal definition that "a man is not drunk so long as he can lie on the ground without holding on."

A telegraph reporter says that the daughter of a New Jersey farmer ran off with one of her father's hands. It does not state which hand, but if it were the one the old gentleman used to slap mosquitoes with, it was a most unfilial act.

Language, you know, was given to man to conceal his thoughts, and you never realize it so intensely as you do when you see the minister sit down violently just after his heel has found a square inch or so of banana-peel under it, and hear him mildly ejaculate: "Dear me!"

An amusing story is told of a lecturer who, in discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired: "What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he could begin his answer to his own inquiry, someone in the audience called out: "He can make his will."

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Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR
RENEWER.

It is a medicinal preparation, and, at the same time, an elegant and cleanly toilet article. Its action upon the scalp is healthful. It nourishes the glands which support the hair, and causes thin, dry hair to become thick, soft, and vigorous. It restores the color of youth to locks which have become faded with age or disease; and relieves and cures itching, caused by humors of the scalp. Dr. George Gray, Nashua, N. H., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the wonderful effects produced by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, as observed by me in very many cases. IT WILL CERTAINLY RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. It cleanses the head of dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, glossy, and beautiful." F. T. Sandhein, 1010 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "After unavailingly trying a number of preparations to prevent my hair from falling out, and, realizing that I was fast becoming bald, I tried, as a last resort, Hall's Hair Renewer. I have used only four bottles of the Renewer, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best preparation in the market for checking the falling out of hair, invigorating the hair roots, and promoting a new growth."

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
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commends itself to all who have occasion to use a dye for the beard or mustache. It will change gray, faded, or sandy whiskers, to a beautiful brown or black, as desired. The colors produced are natural and lasting. It cannot be washed off, contains no destructive ingredients, is cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual.
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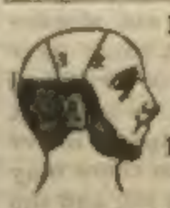
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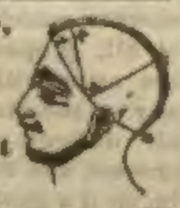
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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
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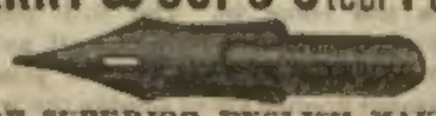
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Never did any new material score such universal success as the canvas introduced this season. Its favorable reception induced manufacturers to vary it in every conceivable way, both in texture and design, and now we have it in its perfected state in coarse and fine grounds, striped with moire, different shades of broad velvet, and narrow plush; in wool, in silk, and in cotton. Some of the fancy kinds have alternate stripes of plain and open-worked canvas as wide as 12in.; others, called "racquet canvas," have the grounds "meshed" in imitation of a racquet, or a miniature copy of a lawn tennis net, while the cotton ones have lace effects in endless variety. These last are cool, and make up prettily with lace and ribbons. In addition to every sort of costume, we see canvas bonnets, hats, parasols, scarves, mantles, long cloaks, aprons, fichus, and light carriage rugs. The fancy canvas scarves, with heraldic devices in shining gold and different colors, or in lines of satin, adorn every other hat we meet with now in the streets. The most coquettish little bonnets are made out of them, with the ends twisted high up in the air; parasols have them tied in a large bow near the handle, and elderly ladies' morning caps are formed of one twisted into the usual shape, with the ends turned back from the front, and softened by lace deftly introduced.

The next in popularity came the printed delaines—that revival of many years ago, with small quaint designs of flowers, varied by the larger and more modern designs and shades. These are greatly worn, and will be extremely popular for country festivities. These delaines can be simply made up for cool morning wear, or can be rendered dressy with lace, velvet, or ribbons, and worn at *fetes*, races, and smart morning entertainments. The ground of most of them is ecru or cream, and the bodices have gathered lace or velvet waistcoats, with cuffs and collar of velvet.

Another revival is plain white muslin worn over color—lemon, yellow, and mauve being the most popular. The high bodice and underskirt is of colored batiste or silk, and the muslin dress goes over it, the bodice being close-fitting, with a gathered lace waistcoat. The skirt is either draped across the front, plaited down one side, and in fulness or long folds down the back or it is in the simple style known to some people as the Peasant, which resembles the housemaid skirt but has a fall of lace from 6in. to 18in. deep all round the edge, and rows of tucks or insertion of lace above. A wide sash finishes off the costume. This style is only adapted to quite young girls.

Printed muslins are being prepared for shore wear, and lovely some of them are with endless yards of lace and colored ribbon velvet. With these costumes, bonnets of white horsehair, studded with small pearls, or gold or steel beads, trimmed with velvet strings, and an ambitious tuft of flowers, fruit, and grass in the centre of the front, are being prepared. Sometimes the bonnet is of the same muslin, with lace and velvet. A few of the new cottons have gold lines running through them; but crepe cloth and zephyrs are the leading favorites. The milkmaid skirt is suitable for the striped flannels. The petticoat is plain, but of the striped fabric, and is usually gathered on to a gored top, fitting closely to the hips, while the overdress, consisting of skirt and bodice, is plain; the former faced with the stripe and turned up on one side almost to the waist. This overskirt is easiest described by saying that it should fall like an ordinary skirt to within a quarter of a yard (or less, according to individual fancy) of the underskirt, it is then turned up on the left side, showing the striped lining, as if carelessly tucked up, while a few stitches are put into the other side to make it set well and a little full. The stripes are perpendicular both on skirt and tunic, but when turned up on the latter will look crossways. The bodice has a full front of the stripe, also cuffs and large collar, the rest of the bodice being of the plain material.

Parasols are in endless variety, but lace ones seem to be the most general, especially in black, many being semi-transparent, or showing a foundation of gold or silver embroidery. Rows of velvet, about an inch and a half, are placed between frills or insertions of lace, some being down the parasol and others round it. Three rows of poppy velvet on black lace, or moss-green, on cream, etc.

Sleeveless jetted black lace jackets are most popular. They are tight-fitting, and have a fall of lace round the hips. They are worn over all sorts of dresses, and are to be seen in balls at night or at small entertainments, as well as at afternoon parties. Many young ladies make for themselves and wear a length of lace insertion about eight to twelve inches wide, gathered up into a ruche round their throats, fastening in front, with the plain long ends tucked into their waistbands at the side, and falling down almost to the edge of their skirts. It is an imitation of the long fur boas recently so fashionable. Lace scarves are also tied in a very large bow after being passed round the neck, spread out, and fastened across the bust, with the ends tucked into the waistband or bodice.

There is a fashion in carriage rugs, as in everything else, and the English copies of a Moorish design, in red and blue cotton, are very popular. A new summer Victoria rug has been reproduced from a curtain brought from Tangiers, and is in a red ground, with quaint zigzag border in navy blue, and *vice versa*. It looks bright and pretty over the knees of gaily-dressed people driving to suburban places of resort. Light-colored holland rugs have now a very large, elongated monogram worked in gold Japanese twist or braid in one corner. Some small screens for standing before fireless grates are extremely ornamental, and quite novelties. They are in ruby or olive English plush, with plates of embossed brass, one in the centre of the panel and four smaller ones at the corners. There are two or three panels standing on small castors, with brass handles at the top to lift them by. Another fashion of the day is to present to any favored friend a silver paper knife and page clip in one, with a likeness of the giver cut into and forming the handle, the head being the top. The name of the recipient and the date, or the words "From yours truly" and the initials of the sender, are engraved down the middle of the paper knife, which forms the clip. A case, containing a miniature knife and fork, with ivory handle, such as one would give a very small child, is another pretty present, the fork containing a pencil and the knife a pen.

There is no garment more useful and indispensable in summer-time than a dust cloak, a regular over-all: but the worst of these wraps usually is their ugliness. Great advance has however been made this season in the direction of appearances, and some very pretty dust cloaks have been made in silky-looking grey and drab alpaca, with full pinked ruches of the same material round the neck and the pretty hanging sleeves, which by the way are not sleeves at all, properly speaking, but come over the arms without disturbing or crushing any of the finery underneath, or being at all difficult to get into. Alpaca never creases, and however much dust there may be on it a good shake gets rid of all, and the cloak is as fresh as ever. Another of its good qualities is that, though not exactly waterproof, it is quite shower-proof, and rain drops off instead of sinking through. These grey alpacas are also made up in Paris into very pretty dresses, for they admit of a great deal of trimming, and are almost everlasting wear. Frenchwomen, unless immensely rich, are economically disposed, and they very much value a dress which remains smart and bright to the last day of its existence, and is quite suitable for indoor wear long after it has given place to something newer in style for promenade and visiting costume.

A new mode of decorating the skirts of dresses has come in. The full pinked is not considered becoming by all, and is, therefore, replaced by a narrow plisse, a box-pleated flounce about double the width of the plisse, and then a slightly narrower one with vandyked or scalloped edges set in with very little fulness under a narrow crossway band, which, if two materials are used, should match the box-pleated flounce. Some dress-makers vary this by making puffs instead of flounces, or one puff and one flounce. It should not, however, be forgotten that just as a bishop's full lawn sleeves make his hands look plump and small, the full ruche round the dress skirt makes the feet look small and twinkling.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT BAGS.—[CONCLUDED.]

Bags or cases for holding rugs and wraps when travelling, find ready sale at a bazaar, and are equally acceptable as presents. They are usually made of brown holland bound with colored braid; but a far more serviceable material is a thin waterproofing, similar to that used for carriage aprons, but much thinner. It is to be had in various patterns and checks, and can be obtained per square yard at any shop possessing a specialty of waterproofed goods. The most usual shape for these cases is that of a bolster, made by cutting a piece of the cloth as long as the rugs are when folded up, and large enough just to roll round them. This is first bound all round, and then two circular pieces are cut to fit each end of the case; they also are bound and then sewn firmly at each end of the larger piece. Buttons and loops should be added to keep the mouth of the case closed, but more elaborate fastenings are not required if the bag is to be carried by the help of a pair of straps and handle.

Cases for holding umbrellas, parasols, etc., when on a journey, are made on the same plan, but, of course, require to be longer and smaller in circumference. Another way of making an umbrella case is to cut a piece of material to measure one way the length of the longest umbrella the case will have to hold, and the other way large enough to take easily, side by side, the number of umbrellas it will be intended to contain. Make at one end of this piece of material a pocket about twelve inches wide, and divide it by rows of stitching into a number of compartments, to correspond with the number of umbrellas. At the opposite end must be stitched on a flap of the same size as the pocket, to fold over well. The whole case must be neatly bound, and the small divisions made sufficiently large to enable it to be rolled up tightly and neatly, even when full.

Ornamental bags for taking a tennis racket, will always find purchasers. They should be cut exactly the shape, and rather larger than a tennis racket, and, of course, arranged so that the opening is at the top, the handle of the bat being slipped in first. A small flap should fold over the aperture and fasten with a button and loop, the owner's crest, or monogram being, if possible, embroidered on it. Cricket-bat cases are equally easy to make, but baize or cloth should, by preference, be used for them.

Amongst all this variety of bags, I find I have only mentioned those of a large size not because they are of more importance than the smaller ones, but because the latter do not require such a detailed description.

Tiny scraps of silk and satin may be turned to account by making a number of wee bags to hold wadding, sprinkled plentifully with sachet powder. These scent-bags may be of a dozen different shapes, according to their uses. Flat ones are used for placing amongst letter paper, larger ones for laying about in linen presses, while very small ones made of dark silk are much appreciated by ladies for sewing inside their mantles, cloaks, or muffs.

Others again may contain camphor or cedar chips, for keeping furs free from moths, whilst those about an inch square may be filled with shot, and intended to be fastened to the edge of a bodice to keep it in its proper place.

Children, too, are always ready to appreciate bags of sweets, marbles, beads, or small toys; in short, a stall may soon be furnished, and furnished well, too, in this manner, by keeping it entirely for one class of goods. A stall devoted wholly to the sale of pincushions of various shapes and sizes, is always a success; and, perhaps, at some future time, I may be allowed an opportunity of describing some of the innumerable forms in which these useful articles are now-a-days manufactured.

FANS.—A Japanese fan on a stand, or two Japanese hand screens crossed, and in the centre a china flowerpot, with an arum, Lilium auratum, or some such flower, looks well as a fireplace ornament. Another good way of treating the fireplace is to have a board made to exactly fit the opening, the board to be covered with velvet or plush, with small shelves secured to it to receive knick-nacks or articles of vertu, and this arrangement has the appearance of being a continuation of the mantelpiece shelves, if the room is fitted with an over-mantel. In front of this the new screen writing-table may be placed and the table will be found very useful as well as ornamental.

Invention seems to have no end in the matter of lamp and candle shades. For lamp shades the silk and lace-trimmed parasol one gets larger and more elaborate, and for candle shades exact representations, full size, of the Lilium auratum, or of a monkey's head, or enlarged colored pansies, or of butterflies, are much in vogue. Another form of the candle shades, or candle screens as they should be called, for they only shade one side of the flame, are small colored paper screens, having in the centre a transparent medallion, with a group of Kate Greenaway figures, which, with the light shining through them, are seen to advantage.

The newest wall pockets are either plush, embroidered with bright colored flowers in the shape of an envelope with the flap cut off, or small baskets made to hang on the wall and fitted with pincushion, scissors, &c. Our grandmothers used to say every woman should be provided in every room with a pincushion, pair of scissors, and a duster. As regards the two first-named articles most ladies, if they have seen the scissors now being made with handsome brass handles and brass sheath, will, I am sure, be wanting a pair, and also one of the brass pincushions to match; but as to their requiring the duster nowadays "Je m'en doute," unless, indeed, it should be a particularly artistic one.

Of all the new materials produced in recent years, probably there is nothing prettier or more artistic than that now used in place of silk for ribbons, scarves, sashes, &c. It is a material called canvas, and has various silky colors mixed with gold threads introduced into it. Some of these canvas materials make very pretty chair backs, borders for curtains, &c., as the colors are blended with such excellent taste that they look like the productions of some Eastern loom. Manufacturers seem year by year to improve in the art of arranging colors, and in this respect can no longer be considered as in any way inferior to the far-famed natives of the East.

Confidential Correspondents.

M. M. F.—A man absolutely truthful and honest will be almost certain to make his way in the world, no matter what disadvantages may cluster around the outset of his career. Continue to do your best in everything you undertake, and hope for better things.

ROBERT.—After the head is shaved, too constant bathing in cold water will prevent the hair from growing, because it removes the oily matter which is essential to its growth. Moderate and occasional washing, with the use of an oil or pomatum, can be recommended.

ROSE.—It is a foolish piece of business for a young lady who has become engaged to a man to seek to pry into his previous love-affairs. In such an undertaking you cannot, of course, find out anything which will give you any pleasure, but will inevitably come upon much that will annoy and pain you.

J. F. R.—A man convicted of murder in the first degree in this State must be sentenced to be hanged. There is no milder punishment. If convicted of murder in the second degree the maximum punishment is twelve years' imprisonment for the first offense, and, if he repeats it, imprisonment for life.

ERPLY.—Tell your parents frankly, respectfully, and lovingly that the suitor for your hand whom they prefer is not your choice. They may permit you to have your own way about it; but if they will not, you must bide your time with such patience as you can compass. In any event, do not fail to treat your parents with the utmost respect.

PANSY.—No lady would think of seeking the affections of a gentleman who did not care for her. We have no advice to offer on such a subject. 2. Be careful in accepting gifts; no one can say exactly whether it is right or wrong without knowing what amount of intimacy exists between the parties. 3. We have no better advice to give you than that which you say you will not take.

READER.—The total length of submarine cable is now about sixty-eight thousand miles. Each cable contains an average of forty strands of wire, so that altogether there are over two and a half million miles of wire used in their construction, or ten times the distance from the earth to the moon. Practically all of this has been laid within the last twenty-five years; the greatest part within a decade.

B. NORTH.—Mahomet Achmet, who has become notorious throughout the civilized world as the Mahdi, is a native of Dongola, and is thirty-six years old. It was in 1881 that he first claimed to be successor of Mahomet (whose advent was foretold by the prophet), and declared that all who did not believe in him would be destroyed, whether they were Christians, Mohammedans, or Pagans.

POLITE.—A gentleman, "who, after corresponding with a lady for a year, expressing deep affection for her, should, without apparent cause, propose a discontinuance of the correspondence," ought to be let alone by the young lady. And we would say to the young lady, that if she corresponds with a man in such a manner for a whole year without being engaged to him, she does a very unwise thing.

C. J. L.—Do not commit the blunders of trying to add a cubit to your stature or two inches to your chest-girth. Only keep your general health in order and avoid excessive exertion. Very great mischief is often done by striving to reach a particular standard of chest-measurement. Many young men have been injured for life by the endeavor. Never mind your chest. Take plenty of walking exercise short of fatigue, and eat and drink plainly and moderately.

EDWARD.—We do not know where you could get a copy of the Bible written out before the art of printing was brought into vogue. The probability is that there is no such copy for sale anywhere; and if you should be able to find one, its price would be formidable. Before the era of printing, books were held at an incredible price. The celebrated divine, Jerome, states that he ruined himself by buying a copy of the works of Origen. To make a good copy of the Bible took many years, and it had to be paid for at a high rate.

VOX.—The first thing is careful and regular practice, and, if possible, lessons from a good master. Care must be taken not to overstrain the voice, while attention to the general health, care of the throat, and avoidance of damp and draughts are all steps in the right direction. It is also highly important to keep the feet dry. To clear the voice when hoarse, pure glycerine is a good remedy; or the yolk of an egg with a little milk and sugar, previous to singing, will strengthen it considerably.

WILLIAM E.—The wisest course, we think, would be to try to read books on your own subjects. For example, see what would help you in your service, and work resolutely at that. It is not well to scatter power. Many who succeed in life, if they pressed forward, fail because they are so anxious to move upward. There must be much to study in connection with the business you have in hand. Strive to master that. In so doing you will find all the enlightenment you need. Read up the history of railway progress in this and other countries. You will in this way make surprising advances in general intelligence. Begin with the article on railways in some encyclopedia.

G. L. M.—We are of opinion that sulky people are the most miserable beings living, and we also honestly believe that their sulkiness is increased—unintentionally, we are aware—by the conduct of those around them, who seem to take it for granted, that, after a slight difference of opinion may be, or a few warm words, sulk must be inevitable, and consequently they, too, remain silent, and make no effort to rouse the victim, and draw him out of himself instead of chatting on in their usual way, as though nothing had happened, or was expected to happen. Follow this simple advice whenever you see the clouds gathering. Just start some pleasant topic; your fiance cannot surely be rude enough to make you no reply, and once he begins to talk, away will go the sulks! Reason with him, too, when you are alone. Point out that life is far too short for coldness between those who hope to be bound by the holiest ties, and, if he is a true man, and really cares for you, he cannot fail, in time, to yield to your good counsel and influence. Fortunately for yourself, you do not belong to that class of girls who seem to think that all bad and vicious habits can be cured after marriage. A great mistake indeed! If a man will not make an effort to reform for the sake of the woman he hopes to win, it is folly to expect it after she has bound herself to him for life.